

IN MEMORIAM

HENRY C. BLINN

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In memoriam, Elder Henry C.
Blinn, 1824-1905





Henry C. Blinn

✓
IN MEMORIAM



Elder Henry C. Blinn ✓

1824-1905

CONCORD, N. H.
RUMFORD PRINTING CO.

1905

INSCRIBED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
OUR BELOVED "ELDER HENRY"
BY THE
HOME CIRCLE
AT
EAST CANTERBURY
NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect,
be of good comfort, be of one mind, live
in peace; and the God of love and peace
shall be with you." (Cor. 13:2.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Henry C. Blinn.

The writer of the following pages was born in the City of Providence, R. I., July 16, 1824.

My father, James M. Blinn, was the captain of a merchant ship that sailed between Providence and the West Indies. At that date the trade was a matter of as great interest as is the trade of today between the United States and China. His last voyage was in the year 1825, at which time he was taken sick and died of a fever at Kingston, Jamaica, at the age of 36 years. His funeral was conducted by the American residents on the island, by whom he was kindly laid away in his last resting-place.

My mother's maiden name was Sarah Williams, and her early home was in the state of Connecticut. Seven children were included in the family: James M., Jr.; Robert, Amy T., Sarah A., Joseph T., William C. and Henry C.

A superabundance of wealth was neither the good nor ill fortune of the family, and yet so much of this world's blessings was possessed as to be able to live very comfortably. A moral tone pervaded the family

and the children had the care and kindness of good parents, of whose instruction they had no cause to be ashamed.

My first note of special interest will refer to the visit of General Lafayette to this country in 1824--'25. Those who were better informed on this point than the writer, say that I was carried in the arms of my father to see the procession as it passed through the city. I, however, failed to catch the thread of memory till at the age of six years, when a pupil in an infant school. How much I learned or how well I behaved is, at this date, blotted from memory. From the primary, I passed into the City Public School; but was permitted to enjoy the privilege only a few years, as it was found that so large a family of children was fast reducing the small income that had been left in the charge of my mother. She was induced to buy a new house and allow a mortgage on the property, which resulted as is usual in such cases. The mortgage ate up the property and she was forced to retire to a more humble dwelling.

The record of accidents which have fallen to my lot begins quite early in life. Although not occurring very often, or being of very tragic character, and all passing without fatal result, it may not be amiss to refer to one of the most serious. When eight years of age, while attempting to cross a carriage-way, a

horse and chaise suddenly turned from the street and I was thrown to the ground and the carriage passed over my body. Two ribs and the right arm were broken and a severe wound made on the head. As I was carried home, I knew nothing of the dangers of the accident at that time.

My first remembrance of being able to own a book was of one bought at the store of an old man for one cent. The aged book-seller had, in his printing office, a variety of small picture-books, which he sold for one and two pennies each. Previous to this date, I had received a few little story-books as presents, but this one I bought with my own money, and for it I paid one cent. As small as it was, it had several illustrations. For the running of errands I gathered a few pennies from time to time and purchased many more of these little books, and when I had saved enough to be the owner of a "Mother Goose's Melodies" and a "Peter Prim's Pride," I thought myself quite wealthy.

It was during the summer of 1833 that the President of the United States, Gen. Andrew Jackson, visited the City of Providence. A steamboat from Fall River brought him to the city and thousands met at the landing to do him honor. The city was filled with music as the procession moved through the several streets. It was one of the wonderful things to see a

president, and this occasion gave me an opportunity very rare indeed.

As a party was preparing to take a sail down the Providence River, in which I was to accompany my mother, there was great joy in the anticipation, and everything was ready for the company to go on board. In my haste to reach the boat, I made a misstep and fell into the water where it was several feet deep. I was more frightened than hurt, but this incident caused a great disappointment to those who were obliged to remain at home to redress and care for the little boy.

Although my parents were not members of any church, I was permitted to enter the Universalist Sunday-school on Westminster Street and to attend the church service, then under the pastorate of the Rev. Wm. Balch. Subsequently, I entered the Unitarian Sunday-school, as my sister, Sarah, was a member of that church. Being privileged to take books from the library, I became very much interested.

At 12 years of age I was placed in the store of Butts & Lockwood as an errand boy. They were merchant tailors and rented a room on the lower floor of the "Arcade." This deprived me of attending school, and on this account I felt very sad. However, it had become necessary that I should begin to earn a little toward a personal support.

The family had become somewhat scattered. James M. had died, Robert had followed the sea for several years and was the first mate of a large ship; Joseph was on a farm in Connecticut; the two sisters were married, and William was a sailor on a coasting vessel. As I had no desire for an experience on board ship, I found employment in the city. My business was to open the store in the morning, build the fires, sweep the room, and then through' the day and evening carry garments to the makers or to customers in every part of the city.

This first experience in the business relations of the world did not please me, especially as I was obliged to go long distances at a late hour of the night and when the streets were poorly lighted. Stories of kidnappers were not uncommon. They were represented as being a class of men who stole children and sold them for slaves.

There was an object in having the children hear these fables, as it evidently kept them more at their own homes. The effect, however, upon the minds of the children, did more harm than good, as these kidnappers or "bug-a-boos," who were said to steal children, did not exist. Such incentives to fright, no doubt, increased the timidity of the listeners and made the dark, stormy nights doubly frightful.

In 1836, the "Arcade" was considered one of the

most wonderful buildings in New England, and so late as 1899 it is referred to as a place that would interest every one who has occasion to visit the City of Providence. The rooms on the second floor, in 1838, were but partially occupied. One, however, is fresh in my memory, and that was the office of the Anti-Slavery Society. In the large windows could be seen some attractive illustrations, while kind-hearted men who were in attendance presented some of the little anti-slavery books to all who wished to read them.

From these tracts came the first impressions to my mind of the wrongs and the cruelty of slavery, and years have only increased the intensity of these first lessons. Many years have come and gone since the reading of those books 'on Universal Brotherhood. Wonderful changes have taken place, and a deeper love for humanity has been developed in the mind. Human beings are no longer held in chains of slavery and bought and sold like cattle.

One of the most worthy pioneers of that sacred cause, who maintained till the last his love for universal freedom, has recently passed to the higher life from the City of Concord, N. H. (1898.) Parker Pillsbury was an unflinching advocate for those who were under either temporal or spiritual bonds, and

became through a long and useful life *the friend of man.*

The Emancipation Proclamation, that message from God, has made the United States a free country.

At the age of 13 years I was accepted as an apprentice by Edward P. Knowles, a jeweler, who lived in the north part of the City of Providence. Being the youngest apprentice, my business largely consisted in doing chores. In this shop were the master, a hired man, three apprentices and the writer. Some of the work was gold-plated and some gilt.

During the hours for work, from 7 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 6 p. m., no conversation was allowed among the employés, and this term of silence was sometimes quite severe. Such rigid discipline, however, required the master's presence for enforcement. When he was not in the shop the business was more or less neglected by the journeyman and by the apprentices. As our master held the office of city councilman, he was obliged to visit the city hall quite frequently, a distance of nearly a mile. This trip was certain to occupy several hours, so that absolute quietness was not recognized during this term. He was also subject to severe attacks of headache, and when these dispensations came on, the apprentices counted for themselves two whole days, and these were hailed with joy.

While I remained in this place, about eighteen months, I was requested to attend the Baptist Church, that being the place of family worship. All the apprentices were expected to attend some church, and any departure from this advice was severely rebuked.

I was kindly offered the privilege of attending an evening school during the winter. I was anxious to secure this opportunity, and every evening was expected to carry my books, a slate and a small tin petticoat-lamp, as this was the usual custom. After I had ascertained the distance, which was about one mile, and the obscure section of the city where the school was located, the pleasure was very much lessened. I made the journey one evening, but could not be induced to repeat it. It was too far to go alone on dark, stormy nights, as I was not only timid in making the journey so late on streets sparsely settled, but was also too thinly clad for the severity of the weather.

By this I lost the opportunity to add to a limited stock of education, very much to my regret. At this date, however, I could read and write quite well. I had commenced the study of the intermediate geography and had learned a very little in arithmetic. I also owned a baker's dozen or more of books, which served to keep me employed in reading during the evenings. Occasionally, I borrowed a book from a

companion, and this, in part, compensated for the loss of the school.

In the latter part of the year 1838, I began to grow uneasy in regard to my place of business and was so discontented that it became a matter of investigation. In the first place, the associations were not congenial. I thought I could find a place where I might earn my living and at the same time obtain an education. My master seemed surprised and urged me to remain, at the same time promising increased wages and better care while learning the trade. My mind, however, had become fixed to find a new home, and I accordingly bade him farewell on the last of August, 1838, nor did I meet him again till the year 1878, when, a Shaker, I called at his residence while on a visit to the City of Providence.

Fortunately, the opportunity was soon presented for the betterment of my condition, and in this comes the ministration of the good spirit. It opened the way for me to receive a religious education and a better situation than I had ever enjoyed. As I look back on these preliminary steps toward a more advanced life, I can trace the guidance of a holy light that led me from a lesser to a greater privilege.

While at the home of my mother, where I usually spent a portion of the Sabbath, I observed a man passing so quietly on the street and being dressed so differ-

ently from the other citizens that he attracted my attention, and at the same time awakened in my mind an interest to know who he was and where he lived. I saw the man a second time, and soon after learned that he was a Shaker.

It then became a puzzle to know what a Shaker was, and why he was in the city. A great many Quakers resided in the City of Providence, and it was no unusual occurrence to meet them from day to day. Although this man was dressed, in part, like a Quaker, yet the people said he was a Shaker; but no one could give any information where he lived or concerning his religious belief.

It was thought very singular that I should be attracted toward a stranger, and why I was I could not tell. I only knew this, that his general appearance pleased me, and I would like very much to live with him. Not long after this, it was reported that a Shaker was on a visit in another part of the city, and I soon persuaded my mother to go with me and see him. The visit was very pleasant, and I learned that the man was from Canterbury, in the State of New Hampshire, some 120 miles distant. He represented the Shakers as being a very kind and charitable people who were engaged in farming and manufacturing, also told us that they lived in large families, which sometimes numbered not less than eighty or one hun-

dred persons. The conversation soon assured us that the Shakers were willing to receive good boys and girls and, by adoption, provide for them an excellent home. The stranger said that three of his children were at the Shaker Village, and that he had arranged to return to the community within a short time.

His story was very interesting, as he told of the kindness of the people, of their religious services, of their schools, and of their fields, orchards and gardens; so that I became fully determined to accompany him to his home in New Hampshire.

On the day appointed for my departure from the city, I was hurrying at an early hour to the railroad station on India Point. It was the journey of a young Pilgrim, after many hurried farewells to dear friends, some of whom protested against the wild scheme of going among the mountains of New Hampshire to find a home, and to be entrusted to the care of an entire stranger, while others dismissed the case with an anxious hope for the better.

I was soon, however, on my way to Boston in company with the Shaker, Nathan Willard, as he had agreed to take charge of me. At Boston we took the cars for Lowell, the terminus of the railroad at that date, going north. From Lowell, we rode to Concord, N. H., in a stage, and then hired a private conveyance to Shaker Village. Our trip from Concord was over

the pine plains, through Loudon Village and over Beck's Hill. On reaching this last elevated spot, the whole of the Church Family was presented to view, and the presentation was a beautiful picture on the mind. At that date, the white and light yellow houses with bright red roofs, heightened the beauty of the village very much and to my youthful mind, after a long and tedious journey, it seemed to be the prettiest place I had ever seen.

Everything at the Shakers was new and strange, and yet they received me with the kindest of care. My first impressions of the place and the people were very pleasant, although I was among a new class of people, whose language, dress and manners were so unlike those of the city; yet their kindness found access to my heart, and at once I began to feel quite contented. That the people said yea and nay, instead of yes and no, had no bearing on my mind, and the plainness of their dress was rather agreeable than otherwise. I soon learned that my home would be, for a few days, in the Trustees' Office, but the man who brought me to the village passed on to the Second Family, as that was his home.

We subsequently learned that some of the officers thought it would be best for me to enter the Novitiate Order, as my age of 14 years made me quite too old to be admitted into the Church relation. This, how-

ever, was soon overruled by the Elders, and I was permitted to enjoy a home in the First, or Church Family.

As my entrance into Shaker Village was on Sabbath morning, September 9, I anticipated it would be very quiet, as indeed it was. At 10 a. m., I attended the religious service at the church, and was deeply interested in the order of the exercises. The marching, singing and speaking were quite unlike anything that I had ever seen or heard; and although not converted at heart, it was pleasing and I felt happy under the religious influence. A large number of spectators were present and the service continued about an hour.

In a few days I was placed under the charge of a young man, who was four years my senior. He was engaged in sawing staves for pails, as at that date the family made about 1,000 pails a year for sale. This proved to be a very pleasant place to work, and the business continued for several days.

An aged Brother, James Johnson, had charge of the mill and the wood-turning machinery. Brother James was the associate Elder, and he manifested quite an interest in my happiness, as well as in my general protection. After being allowed to attend all the meetings and to enjoy all the privileges of the family for two weeks, he, no doubt, thought it was about time for me to receive the first lessons that were considered essen-

tial for a Shaker boy to learn. I was sent on a short errand which I was to deliver in person to Brother James. It was Saturday, and a most appropriate time for a preparatory work for the Sabbath. Brother James very kindly detained me for a short time and then informed me what good boys were expected to do, and as kindly made inquiries concerning my general course of life while living in the City of Providence.

This was my initiatory step to the life of a Shaker. My guardian exercised very pleasantly the spirit of a kind father, and I was quite old enough to appreciate it as a great blessing. The unburdening of my mind, if this interview bore any likeness to a work of that kind, must have been very simple, and not in the least a spontaneous work of the heart, with which I afterwards became familiar.

When the hour of worship came, I was directed to a place in the ranks, and then took part in some of the exercises. As I was very much at home, I was glad of every lesson I received; although I felt awkward in attempting to march at the side of those of more experience. From this time, I began to receive more direct lessons corresponding to my temporal and spiritual necessities, to which I was gladly responsive.

Later, in the fall, I was employed, with several of my own age, in the many duties of the large family.

The aged Brother, who had the oversight of our work on the farm, was, no doubt, somewhat annoyed with our importunities to learn the time of day. The dinner hour was a specialty. Hungry and tired as we sometimes were, and yet never too tired to run a full mile if we chanced to be that distance from home, we would keep urging the good old man to tell us the hour of the day.

No one except a Trustee would be expected to carry a watch in those days, and as the sun was our only guide, I now wonder at the great patience exercised for our sakes, as our manager would, time after time, stop his work in response to our importunings and, standing erect, pace on his shadow and tell us how long it would be before the bell would ring for the call to dinner. As we accepted the statement with all confidence, we were anxious to be able to tell for ourselves, and it was not uncommon to find the boys in different parts of the field pacing on their shadows, but the result was not generally so satisfactory. At last we were told that it required a full knowledge of the laws of latitude and longitude to be able to tell the hour of the day, and from this time all our errors in calculation were charged to that fact.

The kind and fatherly care of Brother James was all that could be asked, and a manifestation of his loving spirit continued to the close of his early pil-

grimage. I had learned that it was through his solicitations that I was received into the Church Family, and this step he never regretted.

In October, I was placed under the charge of another young man. He was a blacksmith, and only 19 years of age. There was nothing disagreeable in the change of employment, as boys are always interested in having something new. My experience before the forge may have been the best thing, and certainly has never been regretted. The few lessons that I learned during this time have been of considerable value through my life.

The school opened the first of December, and very fortunately my name was among the youth that were expected to attend. I appreciated the privilege, as it had been several years since I had been permitted to enter a school as a pupil, and I intended to make the time profitable. The teacher was a young man of 28. Some thirty boys attended with ages ranging from 8 to 19 years. This pupil of 19 was a large but dull-brained lad, and his efforts at the pupil's desk were not very promising. It was the custom of the day for all in the school to form one class for spelling. Every morning we were arranged according to our ages, and on being called forward with disciplinary order were required to "toe the mark." This arrangement brought the eldest and tallest at the head

and the little fellow of 8 years at the extreme lower end of the class. At the close of the exercises it was not uncommon to find this order quite reversed, with the tallest and eldest at the foot and the youngest and shortest at the head. The school was well governed and sustained a good reputation.

The educational term was just 12 weeks for the boys in winter, and the same for the girls in summer. Six hours each day and five days counted one week. Most of the boys of my own age were in advance of me in many of their studies, very much to my disappointment. My penmanship was not good and my first paper, written for the inspection of the superintending school committee, was anything but nice. I had no knowledge of English grammar, and very little of geography. In arithmetic, a few simple rules only could be recited.

For several weeks I was obliged to stand in the rear of those who were much younger, and the position was by no means pleasant. When I found how easily some of the pupils could command the multiplication tables, I employed every spare moment to commit them to memory, till they became as familiar as my name. In reading I was given a place in the first class. We used "Worcester's Fourth Book." In a recitation for spelling, the head of the class was far from the place where I stood. Indeed, I had no special

gift for spelling or for the proper adjustment of silent letters. Phonetic spelling might have met my ease much better; but as that had not been introduced, I must come under the system arranged by Noah Webster. I soon found that it was only by close application that I could learn to spell correctly.

We have since that date found that incorrect spelling was very common among those whose penmanship was excellent. One word is indelibly impressed upon my memory that passed several of the pupils without giving the teacher satisfaction, viz., "judicature." As the best pupils could not spell the word correctly, I did not dare to make the trial.

Recitations in geography and arithmetic were made from memory, although slates may have been used sometimes, as the class stood in the floor. No form of blackboard had been introduced into the school-room up to this date. Reading and spelling were allowed to pass without much criticism. An exhibition of penmanship was made by attaching a few lines that were written at the commencement of the term, to an equal number written at the close of the term. This was considered sufficient to show the improvement made by the pupils. A recitation in grammar was made by analyzing a few sentences found in our reading books. Our superintending school committee this year were Rev. Wm. Patrick, A. M., Joseph Harper, M. D., and

Edward Osgood. They were all friendly to the society and took a deep interest in the prosperity of the school. At the close of the session the superintending school committee complimented the teacher for having accomplished so much during the term.

Two more winters passed after this manner, when the school came under the charge of the writer. For one season the certificate was made out in the name of the former teacher, but at the close of the term of 1842 it passed to the writer.

In the month of June, 1839, Brother James Johnson informed me that as I was not strong enough to work in the blacksmith shop, he would place me under the care of Brother Thomas Hoit. During the summer months Brother Thomas worked at the carding mill, a distance of one mile from the village. The remainder of the year he was a universal chore man, and enjoyed the euphonious name of tinker. He had the charge of the stoves and stove-pipes, also the making and mending of tin-ware. This last branch afforded ready employment for me whenever I was in want of a job. Thomas also took charge of the clocks in the family, he cut and headed all the nails that were used in the making of brooms. When winter came, he kept me busy before and after school heading broom nails and mending tin-ware. Brother Thomas was very skillful in the use of the few simple tools of his own

manufacture, and some of the tin-ware which he made in 1840 elicited much praise. That these articles were substantially made is attested by the finding of some of them in use as late as 1890.

During the summer it occupied about three months to card the wool for the society. It was the custom to have everything in readiness before breakfast, so that upon leaving the table we were to take the dinner which had been put up for us. It took some twenty minutes to walk to the mill, and then the work for the day began. The machinery was soon in motion and till noon our identity was lost in the busy hum of the wool-carding machines. At the hour for dinner Thomas was cook, and he always prepared a most palatable meal. Sometimes we had company to dine with us, and then Thomas would have a little extra care for the honor of his house. If some of the Sisters chanced to be present they kindly took charge of the table and excused us from the duty of washing dishes and of returning everything to its proper place.

At noon we had a half hour or more of leisure, for study or recreation. At 1.15 p. m. the machinery was again in motion, and at 5.30 work closed for the day. In this way the season passed quite pleasantly, although there were times when of choice I would rather have been at the village.

While working at the carding mill, a slight accident

brought me to grief. Thomas had sent me to the woods, a few rods distant, to cut some firewood. My skill in the use of an axe was by no means remarkable, but, armed with a sharp one, I left the mill to return in a short time rather ingloriously. The blood told the story before I had time to explain. The careless handling of the axe had left a gash of more than an inch in the leg, just below the knee.

Thomas soon took in the situation, and was equal to the emergency. With a fine needle and some silk he closed the wound in a manner that would have been creditable to a surgeon. After suffering a slight lameness for several days, I was again on duty, and experienced no unpleasant result. The defeat, however, was to my disadvantage, as Thomas never complimented me even on my good work of an earlier date, but remarked, "Boys don't know how to use an axe."

In the summer of 1842 the business at the carding mill was left in my charge, and I trust it was managed more or less satisfactorily. After that the business went into the hands of an experienced carder at the North Family.

After the work had closed at the carding mill, usually about the first of September, I assisted the Brethren in harvesting and then attended school in the winter. A copy of the certificate given is before me, which reads as follows:

To All Whom It May Concern:—

This certifies that we have this day made due inquiries, and are of the opinion that Henry C. Blinn is qualified to instruct children and youth in all the branches of science required by the laws of this state.

WILLIAM PATRICK, } *Superintending*
JOS. M. HARPER. } *Committee.*

CANTERBURY, N. H., Feb. 27, 1843.

For eight years, during the three winter months, I gave my whole time to this occupation. From thirty to forty pupils were in attendance and general satisfaction was awarded to the teacher by the committee. Our writing-books were home-made, except those used by three or four of the oldest pupils. Economy in the use of writing paper was one of the essential lessons of the day. Quill pens were universally used, as steel pens had not been introduced. We wrote from slips which were passed to the pupils, forenoon and afternoon. One hour at a time was allowed for the writing exercise. French's system of penmanship was in use and created a commendable rivalry among the pupils. After writing on every line of the page, the book was turned and filled directly across these lines. Then the book was turned and twice more the pupils wrote diagonally, that no space might be wasted.

In the course of a few years a more liberal interest

was taken in the education of the youth and children, and new books of decided interest to the school were introduced.

Between school hours the boys learned to braid whip lashes. A wooden frame, some five feet square, was placed in the center of the room, around which eight persons might stand and braid.

In 1842, Brother Thomas Hoit and all under the prescribed age were deprived of foreign tea and coffee, as the use of these articles had been discontinued in the family. Home productions were encouraged and it was thought that tea was growing on our own hill-sides quite as good as that which was brought from China. Among the many varieties that were gathered and packed away for use, Thomas preferred the leaves of the strawberry plant, and this was his opinion: "They are just as good as any tea." This season I was engaged for hours and half hours in gathering leaves that were without spot or blemish, so that Thomas had a generous supply for several years. He carefully packed the leaves away, and they were used by himself and company until the foreign tea was again introduced.

It had been the custom since the organization of the society, for watchers to be appointed to look after the property when the family had retired for the night. At first these officers were on duty all night. The

time was divided into thirds and the brethren were appointed accordingly. At a subsequent date, the watch closed at midnight, and only two persons were appointed. In 1842, the watch consisted of only one person, and his turn came about once in two weeks. As the family in the winter season retired for the night at nine o'clock, the watch began at that hour and continued until eleven. No watcher was allowed to carry a lantern or to have any light. His first duty was to visit all the rooms in the brethren's shops, then go to the blacksmith's shop, thence through kitchen, bakery, and on to the farmer's shop to rest. At 10.30 he went the rounds as at first, and if all was safe he retired for the night. The brethren were generally appointed to this duty at the age of 21 years, and I anticipated that length of time before I should be called to act in this capacity. When the good Elder said that my name was placed on the list of watchers, I tried to excuse myself by saying that I was only 17; I did not want to say that I was timid, and that the darkness of the night gave me the horrors; he heard me very kindly, but closed by saying, "You will be informed at the proper time."

My first experience at watching for two hours on a dark, stormy night was highly sensational. I went faithfully according to my directions, but I constantly heard footsteps behind me as I walked through the

dark passages, and saw human beings rise up before me, seemingly as real as life itself. I lived through it, however, and for 10 years acted as duty called.

The manifestations of a peculiar spiritual influence, which made its appearance in the family in 1837, was now in active operation. At first it was seemingly visions, singing new hymns, the personating of those who had passed into the spirit land, and bowing and bending and shaking by the many mediums. These mediums now became the inspectors of almost everything that pertained to the family, and were largely the general advisers. One subject that proved to be of deep interest to the writer of these notes was the inspection of the books that were in the family. As no library had been arranged in the church, all the books were held in private possession, which was an encouragement to selfish interests.

The Elders now requested that all the books should be brought forward for inspection and for the formation of a library. This touched quite keenly my love for self, and my little stock of books, brought from the city, which had been so choice, moved very slowly toward the place of deposit. Some of them were sent to the office, as not suitable for the family. They were stories about the Indians, battles on sea and land, or the history of some nation. Such books, we were told, encouraged a warlike disposition in the reader. Only

a few of my books were saved. and among these were copies of "The Penny Magazine." These books, so full of illustrations and interesting stories, may be found in a good state of preservation in the library at the present date, 1899. This was to be my first prominent lesson in a united interest, and it was, no doubt, a very useful one. A small Bible was soon after presented to me as a better book for study, and I trust I made good use of the exchange.

At first, the reading of the Bible was a mere question of obedience, but ultimately it became a real pleasure and profit. All the other members of the family shared in this personal sacrifice, and many a book, no doubt, felt the twinge of self-love as it passed from the hands of its selfish owner into the treasury to be used for the good of the whole. Not only were the books brought forward for inspection, and an immediate decision rendered concerning any books, papers, carpets, rugs, crockery, any article of wearing apparel, and even the playthings that belonged to the children. If these were deemed suitable for the home of Believers, they were retained under a blessing; but if superfluous, they were immediately removed.

In the spring of 1843, the printing of the "Sacred Roll" was commenced, and I was sent to the printing office to learn to set type and to work the press.

The family had owned a large Adam's press for sev-

eral years, and had printed some hymns and several small pamphlets; but had only small fonts of type. The acceptance of the work which would involve a book of some four hundred pages was a heroic venture on the part of the family, as no one fully understood the business, and the work must be done under many disadvantages. Four persons were engaged in the business, three to set type and one to do the press-work. These four, however, had many other duties to perform in the course of the day, apart from the work at the printing office. As this book was written under inspiration, everything connected with it seemed to follow in the same line.

It was through this same inspiration that several of the societies selected a place in the woods or fields to be used for divine worship. At Canterbury, the place was designated "Pleasant Grove," and was situated about three-fourths of a mile northeast of the Church Family. All who were able to assist in the work of clearing the land and preparing the place for religious gatherings, were expected to contribute the labor of a few days. The printers, after obtaining some hoes and shovels, were soon found among the zealous laborers. A building, 40 feet long, 15 feet wide and one story high, was built for the protection of the people if it should happen to rain during the time of the meeting.

In 1847, a marble slab was purchased, six feet long, three feet wide and three inches thick. This was placed in the center of the enclosure. On one side of the marble was engraved the name of the place and the date of erection, while on the other was an extended message or spiritual exhortation to those who visited the sacred place. Elder Joseph Myrick, of Harvard, Mass., was engaged to assist in preparing the marble, and several days were spent in polishing it, preparatory to the lettering. After imparting several lessons with reference to the use of the tools and the manner of engraving, he left the work in charge of the writer and returned to Harvard. The stone was erected, beautiful evergreens were planted around the place, and meetings were held frequently for several years. Subsequently, these meetings were discontinued and the house, fence and marble slab were removed by the writer.

In 1844, we received from New Lebanon, N. Y., the manuscript of the "Juvenile Guide, or Manual of Good Manners." A thousand copies were printed, and the printing and binding were under my direction. A new edition of this book, entitled "Gentle Manners, A Guide to Good Morals," was published at East Canterbury, N. H., in March, 1899, by the writer, who is interested to perpetuate this valuable little vol-

ume, so much needed as the instructor of children and youth.

We also printed, in 1844, a small book entitled, "Millennial Hymns." It was a work of some four hundred pages.

In the spring of 1849, we received the manuscript of a work entitled, "Holy and Divine Wisdom." It was written under inspiration at Watervliet, N. Y. It was a book of nearly 700 pages and an edition of 2,500 copies. The publication proved a great undertaking, but we purchased a new Tuft's hand-press, of excellent pattern, an inking machine, then made an addition to our stock of types. The management of the business was in the charge of the writer and moved along very quietly, while a good union was manifested by all who were employed in the shop.

In 1849, I was removed from the charge of the children and of the school, as my whole attention was to be given to printing.

After a vacation of six months, I again accepted the care of the children, and remained with them until March, 1852, at which time I was appointed to the order of Elders as an associate with Elder Robert Fowle. The Sisters in the order at that time were Eldress Marcia E. Hastings and Sister Philinda Minor. It was a great cross to leave the children and enter into this new order of life. It gave me, how-

ever, the society of maturer minds, which was a decided advantage, and afforded much needed experience with the family, which it was impossible to obtain while encumbered with the care of children. My privilege in the Eldership was rather limited at that time, however, as on the fifth of June, 1852, I was placed in the Ministry as companion with Elder Abraham Perkins. The Sisters of the order were Eldress Harriet Hastings and Sister Hester Ann Adams.

All my former crosses now faded away. My privilege, as I was informed, had become greater; yet it could have few attractions for one who enjoyed a home in the midst of a large and busy family. My interest had been, till within a few months, with some twenty-four boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen years. Their meetings and other duties, both temporal and spiritual, had occupied my whole time. Their daily employment, with the thousand and one little wants to be met and their general term for education, made a busy time for the caretaker. A remove from all this activity to a home more remote from the heart of the family, where for some time I was engaged in tailoring, was not at first desirable; but eventually the responsibilities into which I grew became of primary importance, and I formed many lasting friendships in both the societies of Enfield and Canterbury, N. H., where I was called to serve.

As the demand for artificial teeth was on the increase, and as I had at an earlier date met with good success in my attempts at dentistry, I began to do less and less work with the needle and returned to a form of work that was far more congenial, which gave me sufficient employment.

In my position as an associate member of the Ministerial order, I shared a great many privileges without having the many responsibilities that must devolve upon my superiors. These have all been appreciated from the first, and for these a corresponding equivalent must be rendered.

In 1852, I printed a book entitled, "A Repository of Hymns and Anthems." This was the first attempt at publishing a work having the hymns set to music. As the Believers at this time had no music type, and as their system was quite unlike that of the world at large, we were obliged to have a font cast for our especial use. This involved considerable expense; but after exercising extreme patience, I brought out a book of 220 pages.

Upon the introduction of the periodical entitled, *The Shaker*, which was published at Albany, N. Y., in 1871, it was suggested that some of our hymns be printed and set to music. As the Shaker system of writing music could not be used, the Believers were forced to use the round notes. A new system of writ-

ing music was at once adopted, and the book of "Anthems and Hymns" was at the same time carefully laid aside, to give place to the advanced step of the community.

In November, 1859, I removed from the order of Ministry, and was appointed Senior Elder in the Church of Canterbury. As the cross is always quite near to the Christian, I found it at this time directly in front. The spirit of my ministerial cares had taken deep root in my heart, and I sorrowed at parting with many dear friends at Enfield. The family at this time numbered some fifty-five Brethren and seventy-three Sisters. Several trades were in flourishing condition. The Second and North Families were also well organized and prosperous. As the new duties began to increase, I soon found my mind absorbed in the interests that were springing up around me.

As *The Shaker* had, during the few years of its existence, passed under the management of several persons, it was now proposed to appoint a publisher at Canterbury, while the editor lived at Watervliet, N. Y. As I had been engaged in the printing business more or less since 1843, it was proposed for Canterbury to set the types, put the work into pages, proof-read the same, and then send the type to Concord to be printed. This programme was carried out in 1877, while the paper was in quarto size. In 1878, the

paper was changed to pamphlet form, under the title, *The Shaker Manifesto*. The paper returned to Albany in 1879, and the work of the type-setting and printing was done by Weed & Parsons. In 1882, the whole management of *The Manifesto* was placed under the charge of Canterbury and was edited and published in this place until December, 1899, when its existence closed.

On the twenty-third of August, 1863, at the time of the Civil War, I was notified that I had been drafted into the service of the United States, and received this notice from the provost-marshal:

TO HENRY C. BLINN,
Canterbury, N. H.

SIR: You are hereby notified that you were on the 19th day of August, 1863, legally drafted into the service of the United States for the period of three years, in accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress "for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes," approved March 3, 1863.

You will accordingly report, on the 16th of September, at the place of rendezvous in Concord, N. H., or be deemed a deserter, and be subjected to the penalty prescribed therefor by the rules of war.

Transportation will be furnished you in presenting

this notification at Canterbury Depot, on the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, or at the station nearest your place of residence.

ANTHONY COLBY,
Provost-Marshal.
2d Dist. of New Hampshire.

Through the solicitations to the government of Brothers Ezra Leggett, of Ohio, and Benjamin Gates, of Mount Lebanon, N. Y., the above order was countermanded, much to the relief of myself and my anxious friends.

On the 16th of September I was at the war office in Concord and after a few kind remarks from the marshal, he permitted me a furlough for several weeks. On the 7th of November I received from him the following:

HENRY C. BLINN,
Furlough until called for.

ANTHONY COLBY,
Provost-Marshal,
2d N. H. District.

Nov. 7, 1863.

I returned to the village and was never called upon again.

In 1865, the direction of the public Sunday service

was accepted by the Church Family, under the immediate guidance of the writer. The house, built in 1792, was opened on the first of May and closed on the first of October, each year. These services were continued quite regularly every summer until 1889, when they were discontinued, and all the meetings of the Church Family were held in the chapel, which is a part of the family dwelling. In the spring of 1873, it was my privilege to make a visit to the several societies of Believers, South and West. I spent three days at Mount Lebanon, and then passed on to the City of Philadelphia, making a call at the home of the colored Sisters. From this place I went directly to Pleasant Hill, Ky., passing through the cities of Baltimore, Cincinnati and Lexington. After a visit of two weeks with the Believers at this place, I passed on to South Union, Ky., thence to Union Village, Whitewater, Watervliet and North Union, Ohio, Groveland and Mount Lebanon, N. Y., and Hancock, Mass., again reaching home after being absent two months. In a diary written at that time may be found a full account of every place visited, with many notes of interest that came under my observation.

On the 15th of September, 1880, I was released from the Order of Elders, and was again appointed to the Ministry, in place of Elder Abraham Perkins, who had returned to Enfield. The Sisters in the Ministry

at that time were Eldresses Joanna J. Kaime and Hannah P. Shepard.

April 7, 1890, I returned to the Eldership in Canterbury, and found little cross in the change. The force and burden of such changes become less and less severe, as we advance in years and grow in knowledge of our duty toward society.

On the 13th of October, 1891, I was appointed to the Trusteeship, in company with Elder J. S. Kaime. Upon the death of the latter, I was again appointed to the Ministry, July 8, 1893.

* * * * *

Elder Henry lets fall the thread of history at this point. His amanuensis lifts it to connect the golden cord, which runs through the remaining six years of his stay with us.

Gradually, gracefully, he seemed to outgrow the responsibilities of earth. While to the last maintaining nominally the office of Minister and Trustee, he willingly resigned active duties to younger companions in both orders, depending upon them more and more.

That he might have all the care needful in his decline, apartments at the Infirmary were kept at his disposal; though he was never better pleased than when able to spend the day at his carpenter's bench, engaged in light cabinet work, a favorite occupation.

Elder Henry was never idle. "Gentle Manners" and "Spiritualism Among the Shakers," books printed at East Canterbury in 1899, also "The Life and Gospel Experience of Mother Ann Lee," published in 1901, speak for themselves of his industry and alertness of mind.

Elder Henry had always the pen of a ready writer and a wide correspondence. Until about a year ago, he personally answered all letters received, only occasionally employing a penman. After the two slight shocks, which foreshadowed the end, he seemed to lose control of the right hand; and quietly passed the choice pens, which he had used for so many years, to his younger friends as gifts, saying, "I cannot use them now."

He continued to dictate letters in reply to those received, and followed the rounds of the day, blessing and being blessed, until the week preceding his demise. The last Wednesday of his life, in answer to the query, "Are you tired, Elder Henry?" he gently answered, "O, well, there is rest for the weary." These were the last words he was heard to speak.

He had a premonition, we think, of the death of Elder Ira R. Lawson, who departed this life at West Pittsfield, Mass., April 5. He was lying quietly when the nurse entered the room. As she neared him, he inquired, "Have they returned from the funeral?"

“What funeral?” was asked. “They will soon be at home,” he went on, as if not hearing the speaker, “there was a large congregation, and our people went in two separate companies, but they will all be at home soon. *I attended, too,*” he added, emphatically, “*but they did not see me.*”

Representatives from our society attended the funeral service above referred to, April 8, in two companies, returning at different times. This occurred seven days after the death of Elder Henry, but as the gate was ajar, he seemed to live in both worlds at the same time.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

The wind that blows can never kill

The tree God plants;

It bloweth east, it bloweth west,

The tender leaves have little rest,

But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants

Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,

Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will

Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight

The tree God shields;

The roots are warm beneath soft snows,

And when spring comes it surely knows,

And every bud to blossom grows.

The tree God shields

Grows on apace by day and night,

Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,

Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast

The tree God knows;

No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,

Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane;

When these are spent it doth remain.

The tree God knows

Through every tempest standeth fast,

And, from its first day to its last,

Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden place
 A seed God sows—
A little seed—it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know
For heavenly land he bids it blow.
 A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death, it groweth right.
 Forever grows.

(Selected.)

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The service in memory of our beloved Elder Henry was held in the Chapel at East Canterbury, N. H., at 2 p. m., April 4, 1905. The society of Enfield, N. H., was represented by Elder Wm. Wilson, Sisters Ann Cummings and Mary Basford, and several friends from adjoining towns were present.

A selection was read from Psalms xxiii by Elder Arthur Bruce, who, in closing, said:

“The Scripture read is appropriate to the occasion which calls us together at this time. In losing Elder Henry from our midst, we may find much that consoles in the thought that he has but passed into a larger sphere of activity.

“We cannot mourn as those without hope. In the great Beyond he will still pursue the mission of doing good. For a few years past he has been unable to assume any direct burden, but his presence in the family has been a constant benediction. He sought always to encourage well-doing in every age and class.

“While unable to participate actively in the various concerns of our home, he always manifested the keenest interest in its success, and spoke often in apprecia-

tion of those who constitute the burden-bearers of today.

“Words may be multiplied in his praise, but what greater encomium can be pronounced upon his life than to say that he has gone to a ‘righteous man’s reward!’ ”

The following anthem was then sung by the congregation:

FEAR NOT.

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee; I have called thee by my name. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee and guide thee safely through. Fear thou not, for I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”

TRIBUTE BY ELDER ABRAHAM PERKINS.

(Aged 92 years.)

(The following beautiful tribute was found among the writings left by our aged Brother, who passed away August 12, 1900; and proved a welcome addition to the service. It was, no doubt, composed by the author during a severe illness of Elder Henry, from which he was not expected to recover.)

By the demise of Elder Henry C. Blinn we are this

day bereaved. It has pleased the Dispenser of life and death to remove from our midst him who has been to us a light, whereby we have found it safe to be guided.

That he should be relieved of his sufferings is a consolation, and that he should rest from his many burdens we can but feel is just, yet we who have been blest to share his interest and parental care can but realize that a pillar of strength is withdrawn from our Church.

Beloved Elder Henry, thou hast been to us a tower of strength and a wall of protection, sadly to be missed, but we trust this dispensation will prompt your successors to greater fidelity to divine will and right living.

Those who have best understood the life and character of our departed Brother, know that he was ever able for self-government, the greatest honor that could be gained, for "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Thus, by his exemplary life, he inspired confidence and worked for the protection of souls. Now that we are deprived of his aid and strength, we shall prove our integrity, the character of our foundation will be more fully tested, as also the degree of love we have for purity, truth, the order of Christ's kingdom, and all that is godly and most noble.

Eternal life is at our command. The choice and character of our walk in life are wholly personal. Shall we choose the broad way that leads to ruin, or wisely walk the narrow way that leads to everlasting life?

The life of beloved Elder Henry is before us as a monument of Christianity, a model of righteousness, whose baptism of the "Christ spirit" we may well covet, and in whose well earned "eternal weight of glory" we would rightfully share.

East Canterbury, N. H.

TEXTS SPOKEN BY THE BOYS.

F. W.—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Ps. xxxvii, 37.

R. W.—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things and I will be his God and he shall be my son." Rev. xxi, 9.

G. E.—"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Ps. xxiii, 6.

B. W.—"I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations." Ps. xlv, 17.

P. W.—“Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” Luke xviii, 18.

Eldress Dorothea T. Cochran followed with appropriate remarks, the substance of which was: “It is with a peculiar solemnity that we meet today, for duty calls us to pay our last tribute on this side to a beloved friend. Elder Henry was the last of our former Ministry, who resided in the family when I entered it 50 years ago. He was a man of honor by nature, chastened and refined by personal Christian discipline. We are quite sure that those who were his companions in burden for so many years will accord him a royal welcome to the beautiful City beyond.

“Nothing that we may say can adequately praise the virtues gained by the cross of Christ. We have seen characters wrought in adamant under the chiseling of the Holy Spirit.

“Elder Henry’s life has been an example of godliness, safe for us all to follow. Through years of devotion to the cause which is very dear to us all, his interest was so interwoven with ours that I am sure he will never leave us. He has earned his passport to the higher life. We have the same privilege; let us go and ‘do likewise.’ ”

HEAVEN.

Sung by the Chorus.

“I shall know my own in Heaven,
God’s pure children of the light;
All their sins have been forgiven
And their robes are pearly white.
I shall know them in their whiteness,—
All of self is washed away,—
I shall know them in their brightness,
Angels of eternal day.

“I shall know my own in Heaven
By a new and hallowed name,
Angel ministry their glory,
Winning souls with Christ to reign.
I shall hear their holy voices,
I shall see their work divine;
Rising unto heights eternal,
I shall know them—they are mine!”

The following letter was then read:

LEBANON, OHIO.

Our Beloved Friends:

“Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” Truly the household of faith are experiencing the truth of this saying. We also loved Elder Henry. While our acquaintance with him, compared with that of others,

was limited, we have known him but to love him as a father and a supporter to the cause of truth.

When my home was among the cedars instead of the maples, I always looked forward with much pleasure to a visit from the Eastern Ministry, of whom Elder Henry was one.

He has won for himself a eulogy of honor and the joyful welcome, "Well done." What he has long seen in vision, he now realizes in the Holy City, to which we are all journeying.

We are with you, dear friends, in your great bereavement, and our hearts beat in sympathy as we speak the parting words to one we have loved so long. And yet why need we say farewell? Our Brother is still with us. His whole soul and interest were devoted to the upbuilding of Zion, and death can never sever such tender ties. His greatest monument of praise is in the hearts of his spiritual posterity.

In closing, I would say let us break the alabaster boxes over our friends today, while they are with us to inhale the fragrance of the precious ointment.

The Brethren and Sisters here in the West all join in kind love to all.

Your gospel Brother,

ANDREW BARRETT.

TRIBUTE.

By Sister A. C. Stickney.

Every evening during the month of March was seen the beautiful evening star, Venus. We admired its brightness and its promptness as we looked up to its shining face at every day's decline. It seemed to say to the observer, "Here I am again at my post of honor. Nations have passed away in the thousands of years that have rolled by since I first learned my place in the starry vault; but as I am a part of God's great plan, I can never fail my duty as a star."

As we turned aside we thought, Are there not other luminaries that seem to us a part of Deific Power?

I am thinking of our worthy Elder Henry, who has just passed to the "Better Land." Has he not, since his day's decline, been steadfast, like the evening star, at his post of honor? We think so. Like a star of progress, uprightness, integrity and self-discipline, he has shone through the evening of his days, and will he not soon become a *morning star* in the spheres beyond?

In his character is emphasized the Scriptural passage: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Elder Henry, as a man, was cosmopolitan in his ideas. He maintained that the world was gradually growing better. He taught his people to love and

honor all Christian societies in the land, to sympathize with their trials, to rejoice at their prosperity.

He had a great interest in youth and children, as we all know, and many a wayward boy was won by his advice to live better, carrying away from a personal interview with him a memory gem as a sweet memento of real friendship to cherish.

His late work, "Gentle Manners," a veritable key to practical life, proved him a true gentleman, a scholar, and a humane friend to the inexperienced. May our little friends who have learned to love the departed, read often the wholesome counsels contained in the work mentioned, and feel that they are improving themselves and honoring its author.

Beloved Elder Henry, we are able to say much more in your praise, were it necessary, but you never exalted yourself nor boasted of your attainments. We can only say, "A man of sterling uprightness is above our praise," but we add, "Farewell, dear Elder, teacher and Brother. May you rejoice in your happy translation to the life beyond!"

HYMN.

Sung by the Youth.

There are treasures bright, immortal,
Which thy soul doth ever share ;
For through life ye kept the gospel,
'Twas thy interest and care.
In the promise of youth's morning
Was thy consecration given,
And thy soul through every burden
Sought the better joys of Heaven.

Ended here thy earthly mission,
Filled with peace and purest love,
Now to be renewed in Heaven,
'Mid the angel throng above ;
For the flood of Heaven's glory
Now hath burst upon thy sight,
And the friends ye knew in earth-life
Welcome thee to realms of light.

Elder Freeman B. White offered remarks, eulogizing his Christian friendship with the deceased, covering a series of years.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Spoken by the Little Girls.

U. G.

Hushed are our childish voices,
Our grief with yours to blend,
For our good Elder Henry
Is e'en the children's friend.

R. H.

Ne'er in too great a hurry,
No business could defeat
Your plans to please the children,
Our simple wants to meet.

A. F.

We loved your kind "Good morning."
Your pleasant voice at noon;
And oft the friendly visits
Were ended all too soon.

F. W.

We hold in earthly keeping
Choice tokens of your love,
And in our thought, bright memories
Of the good life called above.

L. F.

Our last, the gift of parting,
Bestowed on Christmas Day,
Was given for all the children
In remembrance of you alway.

E. W.

You crossed the icy pathway,
Expressing the wish to see
If your gift had pleased the children,
Again it might never be.

E. F.

You made us think of Jesus,
Who called the children near,
And in your loving kindness
We knew we'd naught to fear.

E. P.

Our hearts are sad to lose you,
And yet we feel quite sure
That the children's friend in Heaven
Will welcome the good and pure.

All.

Good-bye, good Elder Henry,
We love you just the same,
And please, when you look from Heaven,
Remember each little name,
And bless and keep us near you;
Our childish prayers ascend
For one little place, e'en humble,
In the home of the children's friend.

This was followed by the singing of the hymn,

THE LANDING.

“I shall meet the brave souls at the ‘Landing,’
When shore unto shore shall respond;
Where kindred and guardians are joyful
To widen the spiritual bond.

“I shall meet them as friends of the Saviour,
Who victory in earth-life have found;
Where he triumphed, they also had conquest,—
Together they reign and are crowned.”

WORDS OF COUNSEL BY ELDER HENRY.

Spoken by the Youth.

G. S.—I never knew a person to make a good resolution but what it proved a blessing to him; but there is a germ I would start in the heart of every young person, and that is, faith and trust in prayer. I have proved this gift to be a power to bless us individually and to hold us as a people.

Turn your attention more to prayer. When under temptation, pray. When under affliction, pray; and even in the enjoyment of prosperity, let us pray.

H. C.—It has sometimes been said that the work of God in our Church would come to naught. I have no sympathy with such a sentiment. I would as soon

declare myself to be an atheist as to believe the work of God would be a failure. I would as soon believe that God himself would fail. God is "the same yesterday, today and forever." Those who live uprightly from the rising to the setting of the sun will be saved; those who do not, will know failure.

L. H.—When taking supper to Elder Henry a few days before his decease, the messenger expressed the hope that he would find all that he desired, to which Elder Henry beautifully replied:

"I need but little here below,
Have little time to learn,
Then, O that world to which I go,
Shall be my rich concern."

C. W.—On May 22, 1904, Elder Henry remarked: "I feel to say with the Psalmist of old, 'Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life,' but he added something grander and richer. He goes on to say, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' That is what I say,—I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

I. C.—Love is the foundation of all that is God's, it endureth, trieth and proveth all things. Those who accept the gospel of Christ become one with Him, as they imbibe this love which endureth and is as strong for their neighbor as themselves.

L. V. W.—I often feel to say to the Brethren and Sisters as Saint Paul said, “Grow not weary in well-doing.” If you grow not weary, you will be successful in the Christian work.

H. D.—We preach the gospel by our lives, silently but effectually. “The gospel is a simple little lesson to learn,” as our older Brethren and Sisters used to tell us. Let us learn it well.

L. C.—Evil-speaking is ruinous. It scatters and weakens all order and peace and is destructive to the virtue and character of all who indulge in it. We may see a fault in a brother or sister and take pleasure in presenting it to another, the more colors the better. But the thorn soon makes its appearance, pricking deep and leaving a sting it is hard to remove.

LINES.

By S. F. Wilson.

“The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” II Tim. iv, 6, 7.

The gates of the New Jerusalem,
The city of our God,
Are opened wide in welcome
To such as have kept the word.

Who the Lamb have faithfully followed
Shall dwell in pastures green,
Beside still flowing waters
The pure in heart are seen.

The text of the dear departed
Was,—Broadcast with liberal hand,
O, spread the tidings of great joy
Throughout our favored land.

The bread cast on the waters
Shall return after many days
With increase even an hundred-fold,
For such are God's marvelous ways.

How many rich years of service
In teaching the blessed word,
That the gospel seed in the hearts of men
Be sown in the name of the Lord!

For the faith God-given and precious,
A reason be able to give,
So filled with the power of the spirit
That others, hearing, may live.

Who is saved, must become a savior,
That the lost may all be found
And restored by righteous living
To the pathway of Christian ground.

“And still, 'tis a simple lesson,”
Elder Henry has often said,
“Cease to do evil, learn to do well,”
So plain from the Good Book read,

That a child need not err in the choosing,
The wayfarer not go astray,
But lovingly, trustingly, walk the path,
Growing brighter to perfect day.

* * * * *

The good man, like Jesus, was calling
The children so oft to come near,
He loved them, e'en as the flowers
That bloom in the spring of the year.

He loved all of God's creation,
Not an insect small would he harm,
His life was a volume of kindness,
Forbearance, forgiveness as balm.

We'll continue the work of our fathers,
Our mothers, who've "gone on before,"
Ne'er weary nor faint in "well-doing;"
We shall meet them when time is no more.

We would "meet them as friends of the Saviour.
Who victory in earth-life have found,
Where they triumphed we also have conquest,
Together will reign and be crowned."

REMARKS.

*By Our Friend, H. B. Hathaway, Sr.,
of Providence, R. I.*

In fulfilment of a promise made some time previous,
I considered myself fortunate to reach the bedside of

dear Elder Henry before his departure. Though but for a few moments, I felt it a privilege to take his hand and say the last word, "It is finished." Truly one of God's noblemen has passed from earth.

Several years ago, I became acquainted with Elder Henry and his conversations were always helpful to me. An abiding friendship grew and ripened from the time of my first visit. I feel that I have lost a personal friend, but it is a comfort to remember that we shall meet again.

The dear friend was a monument of goodness and strength, but he has left many monuments in this little village to his name and life-work, and in our hearts his memory will ever live.

I am glad to have known him.

REMARKS.

By Dr. W. A. Megrath, of Loudon, N. H.

I have known Elder Henry for 15 years, most of that time in a professional line. It is my lot to see many persons under pain and suffering, but I have never visited Elder Henry without admiring his remarkable self-control and patience. I can truthfully say that every ministration I have given Elder Henry has been fully repaid in counsel and good advice.

Whenever I called to see him, he was frequently

unable to be at his work, but he always had some book or writing at hand, for he always employed his leisure for the betterment of his intellect. In conversation with him, I never found any topic he was not perfectly at home with, and he generally showed thought superior in judgment and wisdom, being a man liberal in his views, always gathering only good from persons and experiences.

In my travels from town to town, there is no man that is so much inquired for as Elder Henry. I take it, that it is because of his kindly manner to every one.

I learned to love Elder Henry. I shall miss him as a personal friend.

SPOKEN BY OUR FRIEND,

Robert Morrill of Canterbury, N. H.

I esteem it a privilege to attend this Memorial Service in behalf of our mutual friend, Elder Henry. I have known him from a boy.

Many people respected him for his intelligence and scholarly mind, but I never looked into his kindly face that I did not see the mark of a Christian.

He was a good man, always looked up to and respected. The Shakers have lost a shining light, and the town of Canterbury a noble townsman. I shall

miss my old-time friend, and I assure you my sympathies are with you all in your bereavement.

The service closed with a benediction and the casket was lovingly removed to its last resting-place, bearing many floral tokens, among which was a memorial of friendship from Mr. S. H. Mead of Manchester, N. H., a bank of select flowers, beautiful roses and pinks conspicuous; also, a floral pillow, bearing the inscription "Father," from the brethren of the home circle. The flowers were left upon the grave, making a pleasant farewell to our Friend.

SELECTIONS FROM ELDER HENRY'S SAYINGS.

We sing, "With the hundred, four and forty thousand, I would stand on Mount Zion with the Heavenly Lamb." Many persons may join in the hymn with the aspiration to be one of the redeemed number, but of what avail will it be to stand in that position, unless one can feel that he has honestly earned the place by good works?

We read with surprise of defalcations in the world among business men, yet do we not witness the same spirit in our communities? Is there not the same tendency to evil in this and many other forms? But we need not question the cause; they are only reaping the harvest which they have sown. Are not these numerous lessons proof to us of the wonderful truth of the words, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"?

Another lesson comes to mind, of the man who owned a good farm and his one desire was to have it look pretty, but instead of taking pains to sow good seed, which would produce a useful and bountiful harvest of good fruit, he sowed thistles, and they grew

rapidly to full bloom—a beautiful show, but entirely useless to himself or his neighbors.

For years he reaped in sorrow the consequence of his unwise sowing, as we all know the thistle sheds its seed over many miles of land and the consequences, like bad habits, are not removed in a day.

There are many persons who are anxious to secure a harvest of good fruit in their lives, but unless they are willing to be disciplined by the law of grace, which is as the cultivation of the seed, they fail to meet their desire. Some will say they have striven and prayed to live a virtuous life, but the more they prayed and worked the worse they found themselves, forgetting, meanwhile, that they have been sowing thistles, making thrice the work for themselves; for these must all be rooted up, the old growth must be destroyed before the good seed can be sown.

Herein we stand face to face with the stern realities of life, for according to God's law of growth we must reap what we have sown, be it in joy or sorrow.

It is a pleasure to meet with you, Brethren and Sisters, on this, the first evening of the New Year, and to wish you all a prosperous journey toward the kingdom of Heaven.

Let us renew our Christian watchword, and as we make good resolutions for the coming year, bear in

mind that all in our lives which is not of God must be sacrificed, else we are building with "hay, wood and stubble," instead of on the solid foundation of truth.

There is a hymn we sometimes sing, which is: "Speak gently to the erring, know they may have toiled in vain." Speak gently to the aged, their life is nearly spent. Speak gently to the young, for they will certainly have trouble enough to pass through.

I think of this very often, and when I meet my Brethren I want to pass them as a brother in Christ, not as one stranger passing another, but as a friend. I want to take them by the hand and speak words of encouragement and comfort to them.

Dear young people: It is no small matter to be saved, but it is an easy matter to be lost. If you would stand the test of your faith, you must be planted in the principles of truth and uprightness, for these alone will hold you in the hour of temptation and trial. Unless you gain these as your abiding treasure, you are in danger.

Keep the gospel, it will pay you.

Many of the things of this world often seem to young people like attractive flowers, alluring them from the path in which their feet should walk. They are of all colors and sizes, and present a dazzling

variety. Saint Paul speaks of them as undesirable and pernicious, evils to be avoided. Let us not stop by the wayside to cull these beautiful but deceptive flowers, for it will retard our progress in the good way. There are lovely flowers, "roses and lilies," that "eternally bloom" in the narrow path between us and God. These bring peace and comfort and are kindly strewn in our way for encouragement.

We have a long journey before us, but we have the assurance it will bring us all to the City of Rest, "if we faint not."

HOME TRIBUTES.

TRIBUTE.

Eldress S. C. Hall.

Well may we sing,
“O, the loved and blest, who have gone before,
We there shall meet on immortal shore
And join in praises forevermore,
As eternal life we are sharing.”

What a happy thought! The chain of soul communion with dear friends, who have toiled so faithfully with us while in earth-life still remains unbroken, being formed of enduring love, genuine and true.

Must we say the kind farewell to beloved Elder Henry, the last of our former order of Ministry, whom we cherished with deep affection? They have gone to prepare a place for us, that where they are, there we may be also. They have given into our keeping the principles of the real Christian life, which they lived and taught by precept and example.

We have known our good Elder Henry but to love and respect his chastened life of peace and good-will toward all. He was a strong advocate of a righteous, godly life, as a means of sowing broadcast over the

earth the teachings of Christ and the knowledge of salvation as taught by Mother Ann. Elder Henry often referred, in his public discourse, to the peculiar mission of our Church. In the pamphlet, "The Advent of Christ in Man and Woman," published by him in 1896, he wrote: "Ann Lee was a woman with gifts so rare, sustaining a life and 'character so pure and blameless before God and man, that those coming into her presence at once felt an influence and power which they could not resist."

Our beloved Brother has gone to reap the reward of his labors; truly he hears "the welcome song ring o'er the sea of glass."

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

FOOTPRINTS.

Sister L. A. Shepard.

Great and good men leave behind them "footprints on the sands of time." This we may truly say of Elder Henry.

Through long years of acquaintance, we have known of his strict adherence to the principles of the gospel and his great concern in the upbuilding of the kingdom of righteousness upon earth. By precept and example he sought to impress the truth that the inter-

est manifested in keeping the laws of God as expressed in the code of rules adopted in our communal homes, was best proof of the depth of our honesty.

Elder Henry was broad in his views of science and religion, but held with tenacity to detail. A conscientious apology for a discourtesy was as familiar to us from him as were expressions of his loftiest ideals. Nothing seemed beneath his dignity that contributed to the maintenance of harmony and peace. "A church divided against itself cannot stand, still less bring forth the fruits of the spirit," he would often say; hence he freely acknowledged any effort made for the promotion of health, convenience, beauty and honor in our various homes.

We well know he was endowed by nature with superior mental and moral qualities; but these he employed, through a long life, as a means toward true soul culture, which excelled all else in his mind. He had, from his "youth up," the strength of heaven-born convictions, and none can gainsay his virtue.

We feel that his life lessons in this probationary school have been well learned. The chastened spirit falls into line among the heavenly students so gracefully that they need not break step in their upward march.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

IN MEMORY.

R. Cummings.

“One more in Heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,

Another link on high our souls to raise

To home and Heaven.”

Aye, one more of the bright sainted spirits whose presence has, for so many years, blessed our earthly home, has passed on to the other life; and we may well feel that another link is forged in the chain connecting us with our heavenly home.

When we look back upon the experiences of our earlier life among the teachers and counsellors of our youth, we find beloved Elder Henry one whose counsel guided and whose teaching strengthened the choice to forsake the relations and ambitions of a worldly life for Christ's sake, and to enter into the better relation with the pure in heart. The influence and example of his life, chastened and disciplined by a deep religious principle, shone out before our youthful vision with a lustre which the ripened acquaintance of maturer years has never dimmed. To have known such a character of sterling integrity and uprightness has, indeed, been a benediction and spiritual uplift to those privileged, for so many years, to share the helpfulness and inspiration from such devoted, consecrated Ministry.

Such need no earthly monuments to perpetuate their

memory, for ineffaceably impressed upon our hearts is the memory of good deeds wrought, kindly, helpful words of admonition and counsel given; and, above all, the beautiful example of thorough Christian courtesy and kindness, which constitute a memorial more enduring than tablet of bronze or marble,—impression not only for time, but for all eternity.

Farewell, beloved Elder Henry! Though passed from mortal sight we feel

“That ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life,—there are no dead.”

ENFIELD, N. H.

A NOBLE LIFE.

H. B. Hathaway.

A perusal of the life of Elder Henry could not fail to impress one with his high ideals and noble aspirations. These were stamped upon his countenance, making more grand, features for which nature had done much. The beauty and grandeur of these same qualities were shown also in his daily life, in neatness of person and nicety of handiwork in whatever sphere his talents were called into action.

He was a great lover of nature, and was possessed

of a temperament which was keenly alive to the good and beautiful in everything. His kindly nature was sure to respond to any call from the small and weak, whether of child or bird or animal. Any one coming into his presence could never forget this grand trait of character.

He was an earnest seeker after truth and an admirer of honest convictions, no matter by whom expressed.

An ardent student of the Bible, his highest aim was to bring his life to conform to what he believed to be his Christian duty.

Whatever may have been his natural inclinations, he so disciplined himself that all felt the influence of his dignified, yet kindly bearing. He was an honor and a strength to the cause to which he gave his life; and in passing out from among us he has left an example worthy to be patterned.

To have the love and regard of friends and acquaintances as did Elder Henry, was, in itself, a tribute to his integrity and sterling worth.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

OUR FRIEND.

E. I. Greenwood.

As a young man who has known Elder Henry since my boyhood days, I would add my tribute to the many already written.

When I was a boy, he always seemed like one of the fathers. No one knew him but to love and respect him. No matter when or where we met him, there was always the same kind, dignified, courteous spirit. I always enjoyed talking with him. His memory of the society in his early manhood was remarkable. He was always ready with reminiscences of the old times and the old people. He, at the same time, took a very great interest in all the improvements of the day, although he could take no active part in them.

The birds and the flowers were his friends, also. Many a wild flower I have asked him about, and he always knew all about it, often telling me where I had found it. It was the same with the birds. He always watched for them in the spring. He would take his opera glass and watch the swallows building their nests, or a robin in a high tree. In the latter years of his life, when confined to the house, he seemed to watch them as companions.

In these last days, when the weather kept him indoors, a great deal, we always watched for him on the sunny days, when he could walk out. When he met us, he always had a smile, a pleasant word; or, if too far away, would wave his hand or cane, as a sign of recognition. Now, it really seems as if he had left us but for a while, and on some one of these bright sunny days we should see him again.

He is the last of the old fathers to leave us. We have watched them go, one by one, until now we have left only the remembrance of their good lives and good deeds, which can never die, and which are an incentive to us to see to it that when we have closed this earthly pilgrimage, we may leave behind a record of faithfulness and devotion to the cause to which they gave their all.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

A GUIDING LIGHT.

A. Allison.

Our hearts need not be saddened by the death of our beloved Brother, but may be made brighter by the guiding light which his life has shed in our path. He has set us an example, true to the standard by which our Saviour lived and taught, for he believed that devotion to God constituted the whole duty of man.

Elder Henry was a very pleasing man. He had a cheery word for every one he met. On dreary days his "Good morning" seemed to put a silver lining to every dark cloud.

As young people, our hearts bring a tribute of gratitude for the good counsel which Elder Henry so willingly imparted to us in our life struggle, where he had come off victorious.

We, then, as "workers together with him," shall seek to live, as did our beloved Brother and teacher, "by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

A. J. Crooker.

The silent messenger of death has removed from our home circle our beloved friend and Brother, Elder Henry.

We have known him for many years only to honor and respect his devoted and willing ministry, given for the maintenance of our gospel home. We believe his soul's interest will still be with his people, and he will, though unseen, be near to bless and comfort those who remain to bear the burden he was wont to carry in bygone days.

He has set his seal of neatness, order and fidelity wherever he has been called to act.

We lovingly repeat the kind farewell, while we hold in remembrance his loyalty to the principles of truth and purity as the foundation stones of our community.

We believe the resurrected spirit will be welcomed by many former loved companions in the "Sweet Sum-

mer Land," and he will receive the blessed assurance, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter now into the rest prepared for those who have fought the good fight and kept the faith unto the end."

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

A PAGE FROM MEMORY.

A. Cummings.

I am pleased to offer my tribute of filial regard to the life and character of the beloved Brother, whom I have known from childhood as a strong advocate of Christianity.

As I turn the pages of Memory's Book, I recall the efforts made to print and circulate the truths and principles so dear to the Heaven-bound pilgrim, the circulation of which has not only been good and helpful in spreading the knowledge of the truth abroad, but at the same time has been the means of confirming faith within the church.

Another blessing shared through the instrumentality of beloved Elder Henry was an interpretation of the Scriptures as the message of God to lead souls to life eternal.

I am glad that it has been my privilege to know in this life friendships that never wane. Beautiful

spirits have passed from among us to the higher life.
May their blessing and instruction overshadow us until
we, too, pass the pearly gate!

ENFIELD, N. H.

SUNSET CALL.

Mary Basford.

While looking for the last time upon the peaceful
features of our lifelong friend, Elder Henry, the
words of the poet Tennyson came to mind:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.”

No thought of death lingered with us; the silence
seemed only like a sleep from which he would awaken
to the full fruition of his lifework across the “Great
Divide.”

The faith and goodness of his mission here extends
its influence to many hearts. The character was made
stronger and spiritual growth more perfect by meet-
ing each daily test with fortitude. We ask that you
bear to Heaven our best offerings, and may we meet
you in the house of many mansions.

ENFIELD, N. H.

DEPARTED.

M. Keniston.

“Our truest tributes must ever remain unwritten,”
as only in the language of the soul can the deepest,
purest emotions be expressed.

The stillness of death pervades our home, a visible
presence is taken from our midst. A good man has
departed from among us. His life work, unwearied
and constant, declares his uprightness, and must ever
remain as a monument to his memory, more durable
than any of earthly material. He has indeed fought
the good fight, and kept the Christian faith, and now
can fully realize that

“There is a peaceful, happy state,
Where parting is not known.”

ENFIELD, N. H.

IN TRIBUTE.

M. J. Tatterton.

“Beautiful soul, you have braved every conflict,
Nobly contended with wind and with tide.
Arisen, to meet the brave souls at the ‘Landing,’
Arisen, with friends of earth-life to abide.”

We may not see the familiar form, but instinctively
we speak of the good father as still with us. Our con-

fidence in the life to come tells us the spirit has only arisen above the environments of earth, and will not forsake the people with whom he has shared Zion's interests and burdens for nearly three-score years.

With friends and coworkers who have passed on before, we love to believe he is now rejoicing, as they alone rejoice "who victory in earth-life have found."

With untiring faithfulness, he strove to promote intelligence in our home, not only from an educational standpoint, but working to the end that every young disciple be able to give a reason for the faith cherished.

His example is as a shining light, and his influence still rests with us as a blessing to society.

Beloved Elder Henry! The memory of his noble life will ever be an incentive to forget not the God of our fathers and to forsake not the law of our mothers.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

M. E. Briggs.

"Salvation comes largely from a disciplinary care of the mind, and it would be a sad travesty on the name of a gentleman or Christian to find that some of the essentials for the foundation of a better Christian character were carelessly ignored."

I quote the above keynote of the lifework of our

arisen father, Elder Henry C. Blinn, from "Gentle Manners," a book quite recently revised by him, a rich legacy for future generations, bearing the impress on every page of a well-trained mind and a pure heart. I have hope that it may sometime be used by many young people as a text-book, as one has given us the assurance that his able editorials in *The Manifesto* were just beginning to bear fruit in the West.

The mere grouping together of words on paper, in the form of eulogy, is to me counterfeit if the spirit has been of a different character in its relationship; indeed, it is said, "The world breaks the hearts of its benefactors and then, after many days, builds them sepulchers."

It is my privilege to say my whole acquaintance leaves pleasant memories. My first intelligent interest in the Scriptures as a guide in life was not only awakened, but established, through the labors of this faithful, gentle teacher; and I am grateful to have known in earth-life, one to whom so truthfully may be applied the term, "Man of God." His ministrations have ever been of an uplifting character, and I seem to hear his interested spirit saying to those who are yet toiling, "Weary not in well-doing."

ENFIELD, N. H.

FILIAL REMEMBRANCE.

J. Evans.

“You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will;

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

So wrote the poet Thomas Moore; and so we mentally addressed the messenger with whom our beloved Elder Henry slipped away from earth on the afternoon of April 1.

He was the last of our patriarchs, as we may say, and we were doubly loth to say farewell. His departure marks the boundary, as it were, between the veteran counsellors of the past and the burden-bearers of the present, to whom their trusts are confided.

For this reason the past seven years have been peculiarly pathetic with us. Elder Henry alone was spared to us, and we loved to see the kind white-haired father pass to and fro. We loved to refer to him any home item that would not cause him anxiety. The little keepsakes of his neat handiwork, distributed here and there among us, possessed a special value. As he bent upon his cane from increasing feebleness, his soul, too, seemed to bend in blessing over the spiritual consecrations and the temporal enterprises of those who succeeded him and his risen companions in the stewardship of our home. It was touching to hear

him often refer to his "going away before long," and to witness his implicit trust that all would be well cared for.

None came within the radius of his influence without honoring his sterling virtues. He had always a smile and a cheery word for the inexperienced; the children were never ill at ease or timid when near Elder Henry.

There is another "vacant chair" in our midst, we miss the dear familiar friends we loved so well; but we cannot speak of death. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

TO OUR FRIEND.

"It is not much the heart can tell in words of human speech,

Its deep recesses lie apart where only thought to thought can reach."

In contemplating the nobility of character and inestimable worth of our venerated father and friend, the above couplet from the pen of the immortal J. G. Holland occurs to mind. We make the quotation both for its beauty of sentiment and its seeming appropriateness in this instance; for how is it possible for us to give fitting expression to the thoughts and feel-

ings which fill our hearts regarding our sainted father?

Considering the glorious heights to which he has attained, we are led to wonder if his thoughts can now commingle with our thoughts. Yea, we verily believe that although he has ascended the glorious Mountain of God, his loving spirit does often return to commune with the friends to whom he was bound by ties of gospel love and affection; and beautiful thoughts often come to us like an inspiration. What blessed reflections fill our souls when we consider the benefits we received spiritually through his ministrations of love and wise counsels!

As an invalid he sojourned with us for two brief periods of time, with the hope of improving his impaired health. We had been privileged to meet him on former occasions, when, on his ministerial tours, he made us brief calls. We then felt that he was one of nature's noblemen, but we never so fully realized the greatness of his soul and the rare qualities of mind, until we were privileged to entertain him as our guest on the occasions to which we refer.

We know that our lives have been enriched by those associations, and we had earnestly hoped that we might be permitted to enjoy at least one more such season while he yet remained a pilgrim in earth-life. As those cherished hopes were not to be realized, we

will strive to heed his wise admonitions, and so order our lives that we may meet him in the supernal regions, whither his pure spirit has gone.

His soul was so illumined with divine light and love, that he radiated sunshine wherever he went, and the benedictions which he kindly bestowed upon all, especially the Household of Faith, were like the “dews of Hermon.” With Heaven’s glorified throng he now stands robed in vestments of purity, for “he put on righteousness and it clothed him.”

Since we believe his spirit has found perfect rest in the joy of the Lord, we conclude with the words of the Psalmist: “Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

From Office Friends,

West Pittsfield, Mass.

WITH THE ANGELS.

L. D. Horton.

“Elder Henry is with the angels.” Such was the message which came to us as the day in all its loveliness was nearing its close. How beautiful! I thought. Not dead! but entered within the portal of deathless life.

We heard not the heavenly summons, but the sacred hush hovering about the apartments where he had

been passing only a few days before, told us that while we were reverently and silently saying "Good-bye," angels, bending near to earth, were marking a rest in life's hymn, waiting to touch their harps of gold, when the lingering spirit should join the friends at "The Landing," and shore unto shore should respond in the heavenly anthem of welcome.

To know Elder Henry was to be acquainted with one of God's good men,—a character made noble by self-discipline, accuracy, integrity, faithfulness and industry. These virtues, together with the graces of truth and kindliness, paved for him a royal road to Heaven, and won for him a treasure eternal.

Could we record all the pleasant memories that are ours, they would be many. One lingers in thought, of an occasion when experiencing a test of Christian faith, resulting in the choice made to "forsake all for Christ's sake," Elder Henry met me with the words of blessing, "Yea, wisely chosen is that better part which shall not be taken away." The confidence and encouragement from one who knew of the blessings of self-surrender, and walked with Christ in the regeneration, have rested upon my life as a benediction and been a guide to right and duty.

Through declining years, Elder Henry gave us many specimens of his handiwork, neatly and lovingly wrought, and when the feeble hands laid aside the

tools, and he sought the rest promised to all that labor, we heard his voice in words of blessing and assurance, which beautifully completed the closing record of his life, placing thereon the seal of love, peace, gentleness and goodness.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

GOOD NIGHT.

J. E. Wilson.

“We spend our years as a tale that is told.” Psalms, xc, 9.

The history of another life is ended. The last chapter written, the seal of the death angel placed upon it. We have caught glimpses here and there of the record within its pages, have read of noble consecration and untiring devotion to faith, of unswerving fidelity and unflinching loyalty to duty. The benediction comes, “Thou hast kept the faith.” Thou hast fought the good fight, and now liest honored with our “noble dead.”

When a child, I loved Elder Henry, for I could realize he was a good and an upright man, but my first actual acquaintance commenced when, at 14 years of age, I was privileged to help the Sisters at the printing office. From that date began a series of experiences which were bounded only by my capacity.

As the years passed and I grew more thoughtful, I began to reverence and respect the character wrought out through a life of Christian discipline.

“Line upon line, precept upon precept,” was one of Elder Henry’s favorite mottoes, and lessons of punctuality and precision in the details of business were matters of daily instruction. Birds, flowers, the bees and even the fishes of the sea, all bespeaking God’s creation, were of great interest to him, and he never wearied of answering our eager questions. Thus we often combined business with pleasure.

And so, beloved Elder Henry, as we bade thee “Good night” at set of sun each day of the long ago, so, now, we say “Good night;” we will meet thee in the great eternal morning.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

GATHERED HOME.

E. E. Fitts.

Methinks the Angel Harvester is well pleased with the rich prize borne from our home today. The sickle of “The Reaper” has garnered a valuable sheaf for the treasure-house of God’s spiritual kingdom,—ripened wheat, bending ’neath the fullness and richness of maturity, free from the blight and rust of earthly elements.

Nature may or may not have given the best material with which to build a character for God, but the All-Wise Potter molded and re-molded the vessel of clay for service, and the furnace of affliction refined, even as gold is refined, till the living sacrifice was an offering of righteousness.

As the fragrance of the rose attracts our attention, and the whiteness of the lily claims our admiration, so the well-developed Christian graces in the life now passed beyond the vail, renew our aspirations to attain the exceeding righteousness, the purity of the Christ standard, the "pearl of great price."

The energies consecrated here to the mission work of Christ now rise untrammelled to the broader fields above, and who shall say that a satisfaction will not be realized deeper than earth has ever afforded, in the exchange of the bread and waters of life?

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

A LIFE TRIUMPHANT.

H. A. Johns.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

We love to speak of the peaceful departure from earth-life and sing of the glorious rest the spirit finds amid the heavenly joys. Still, while we reflect upon these closing scenes, our thoughts are directed to the

years wherein we have associated with and known the virtuous man whose life here was triumphant over transient difficulties and selfish ambitions.

Victorious over evils which would mar the name of Christian, he "pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ."

How was this triumph obtained? We answer in the words Elder Henry loved so well:

"Grain by grain the treasure's won,
Step by step the race is run."

Discipline was the beauty of his life. His conversation was refined, pure, simple, yet marked with gentle candor. According to the proverb, he was a wise man, always ready to hear and increase his learning in all things good and useful, and he willingly imparted the same to the child or the adult who sought his company. His manners were always graced by kindness of heart.

A discipline of thought led him to lay aside all common secular matters of interest and reading at the close of the week, choosing material appropriate to the Sabbath of rest and worship. He fully believed in such guides as "Order is Heaven's first law," and "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," beautifully harmonizing his words and deeds, rising on these stepping-stones to the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Careful attention to the trifles made perfection but “perfection is no trifle,” and we look upon the noble life with admiration and desire to emulate one who knew from actual life experience of the doctrine preached by Christ: “Be ye therefore perfect.” He often quoted, too, the beautiful words of Father James Whittaker,—“The way of God is strait as straitness and as pure as the heavens.” The earth is made poorer and Heaven richer by this transition.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

CLOSING OF LIFE'S BOOK.

F. E. Phelps.

Elder Henry's life-book is finished. For many years he has been writing it in our midst and we have been privileged to often read from it of his Christian experience and discipline. We have seen written there his trust in God, his confidence in his Brethren and Sisters, and his untiring efforts in the sacred cause to which he pledged himself in early life.

Not only did he write in his own life-book, but many, by turning back the pages of theirs, may trace valuable lessons of counsel and instruction given by Elder Henry, indelibly impressed upon its pages. Well might he have said, “I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.”

Often did his good thoughts appear through the mediumship of the pen, and not a few treasure today in their possessions the kind expressions of friendship written when he was absent.

Shall we never more trace his thought in our lives? Ah, we may never again in this life see the hand that conveys the message, but we have this assurance, that

Today, from his home with the angels,
His greetings now reach us anew,
Which say to our listening spirits:
I will still write of Heaven to you,
Yea, I'll write as I did when in earth-life,
On the hearts of the people I love,
The joys of this land of rich promise,
The kingdom of Heaven above.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

A SIMILE.

Fidella Esterbrook.

Upon a towering mountain top, where the bending sky touched its head and crowned it with light, a little stream was born. Cradled by mossy rocks, lulled by the breezes, reflecting the sunlight on its water, it turned upward a smiling face dimpled by the pebbles upon its borders.

Thus, drinking from Heaven's fount, feeding on

its light, it grew each day, until overflowing, it followed a rocky path down the mountain slope, singing on its way, pausing to play in shady nooks, or quenching the thirst of bird or beast, as they sought its cool retreats.

Onward it rippled, coming nearer the haunts of man, emerging in broad fields, or losing itself in tangled forests, but ever echoing the same sweet song, always remaining the same clear stream. It loved the children of nature. The stately trees sent down little rootlet water-carriers to secure supplies from its pure waters; the wild flowers nodded and smiled, as they rested near its surface, or gained a beauty glow from a bath in its brimming basin; the grasses whispered to it as they snuggled close to its edge, and the birds threw back their heads and warbled songs of praise as they drank at its fount.

Thus, scattering blessing and growing thereby broader and deeper, it assumed tasks as it entered the valley, turning the busy mill-wheels, giving refreshing drink to the cattle as it wound its way through pasture lands, enriching field and meadow, leaving verdure and growth wherever it had passed.

And, when the play-day of life was over, just as gladly it bore the responsibilities which broader growth required. Transmitting messages from shore to shore, carrying heavy burdens here and there,

reaching arms of helpfulness to grasp the loads which the busy crowd brought to its banks, it still pressed ever onward, but now grown calm and smooth, serene in its conscious power. Though storms might break upon its surface, or its waves rise in the winds that blew over it, underneath the current ran strong and true, keeping firmly on its way.

Thus many years passed. Its duties increasing, proved but added blessings, for strong and tranquil, it at last entered the gateway to the boundless sea, there in content awaiting its recall to the upper realms, to enter another phase of life. A life of blessing lay behind it, a glorious trust pointed to greater blessing before.

As we think of its history, we are reminded of the river whose waters shall make glad the City of God, and recalling the history of our loved Elder Henry, who now has passed within that city, we hold his life, in similitude, with the calm and peaceful river.

In early life pure and clear, loving all the many forms of nature, finding companionship in the little flowers that blossomed at his feet, and reading messages in the song and trill of each tiny bird, all spoke to him in various languages, and he translated and understood their loving words.

Through life's hindrances, over its cares, amid its burdens, he passed, undisturbed by wind or storm, for

the deep abiding peace of "a heart at leisure from itself" was his.

Seeking always the highest and best, searching for clearer light, he strove to instill in other hearts a desire for a life of purity, throwing beams of light outward in darkened places, that, perchance, some wanderer there, by its rays might seek for truth. By voice gentle and earnest, by pen ready and true, he circulated far and near the truths of the higher life which he emulated.

Thus, through the years the broader and deeper life expanded, and the calm assurance of a loyal heart bade him look to the future in hope and trust, until, without a ripple or murmur, in sweet peace and content, his spirit was merged in the sea of infinite love. The higher call found him ready gladly to follow, for his heart was not troubled nor his spirit afraid. He had drunk at the fount of which Christ said, it should be as a "well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

The peace which the world cannot give was his—the perfect love "which casteth out fear," and the joy of the redeemed.

As his spirit passed from mortal sight, the radiant setting sun shone brightly on its surface, gilding it with glory; and as it passed through the gates into the city, songs of rejoicing were wafted backward,

whose echoes float to us as we catch the refrain, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the life of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

WEST PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

M. L. Wilson.

Now that the material presence of our worthy Elder has left us, our thoughts revert to some of the beautiful sayings of the Bible which are interwoven with our memory of him, because he loved often to repeat them. Especial favorites were: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." And this: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

His letters, too, contain choice mementoes which

we present as a lovely bouquet of everlastings, the beauty of which is enhanced by the high light of the writer's Christian life: "I am glad to know so many of you who, as the young people of today, have learned to do good work, so that you can be trusted without fear of harm or waste to consecrated property. I often think of you all, and just now am especially interested in the printers, who, I trust, will always remember what is meant by 'careful justification.'

"It is good to bear in mind the earnest workers who have gone before us. We might call up many sainted names, the very memory of which serves to make us better.

"There are those still with you equally worthy of your love and veneration; being true as they have been true, will entitle you to an heirship with them in all the good promises of God.

"Your gospel privilege is well worth all the self-denial you can maintain. Keep your faith, dear young friends, and the Spirit of God will keep you."

From a letter addressed to the teachers, we cull: "As I think of the duties assigned instructors of youth and children, it naturally calls to mind a corresponding avocation in which I was engaged over forty years ago. The good work must go on throughout all eternity, and if children can be guided into a virtuous manhood or womanhood, what greater satisfaction

could be desired? As it is, we are abundantly rewarded in our faithfulness to God, for all the good we do becomes our heavenly treasure.

“I hope my Brethren and Sisters will be blessed with health to live long and do much good. Accept my love for the whole household, and don’t forget the children.”

To mission workers on a visit to Providence, R. I., the following was written: “We are glad you are among friends who entertain a kind regard for our society. Well, if you make them your friends, try at the same time to make them friends of God and the workers of righteousness.”

“As an aid to your Christian endeavor, I send you a few copies of ‘The Life and Gospel Experience of Mother Ann Lee,’ which I have just completed. Providence is my native city. Be good evangelists and impress upon all with whom you converse that they must ‘love the Lord’ with all their might, mind and strength, in conformity with the ‘new commandment’ proclaimed by Christ. Sometime, I hope to be able to conduct a Shaker meeting in that neighborhood, as we have many good friends there. As opportunity offers, extend to all our kindest regards. We hope they will not be the losers in what they may do for you in the name of your Church.”

A day or two before Elder Henry’s demise, the busy

mind of the sufferer seemed to take the bearing of the family, as was his wont in days of ability. Several Sisters were absent from home, quite beyond recall even for the parting word which would have been so precious. He one day remarked, "By the way, some of the Sisters are away from home; well, they are worth thinking about." An attendant added, "They are jewels," to which came the wise and loving emphasis, "God's children are all jewels." Seeing the tears start, probably at the remembrance of some that might hardly rank with the jewel standard, the question was ventured, "Always jewels, Elder Henry?" to which the Christ-like voice quickly answered, "Yea, always jewels; good or bad, my love never changes!" What a beautiful closing to the kind and charitable career of one of the Fathers in Israel!

Those who have been most intimate with him heartily witness to the unalloyed charity, which covers as a lovely mantle the last decade of Elder Henry's earthly experience.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

THE WORK GOES ON.

E. Stirling.

"The hands drop off, the work goes on."

These words occur to us often, as we witness one

after another of Zion's staunch and loyal supporters pass from our midst. More especially since the demise of our beloved Elder Henry have we realized that other hands are taking up the work, upon other shoulders have fallen the burdens, and other voices, though familiar ones, are maintaining the testimony which he was wont to proclaim.

Yea, our dear father, Brother, friend, you and your contemporaries have not toiled in vain. You have loyal sons and daughters, whose hearts and hands are ready to further the work to which you devoted your life. We cannot think that you have really left us, we are sure that you are still "near, very near, to your life's dearest interest," near to encourage, to strengthen and to bless as we put forth renewed efforts to maintain our Zion home and to preserve the gospel of Christ in all its pristine purity.

It was especially Elder Henry's gift to write, to speak, to preach and to live by the gospel as revealed through Mother Ann. It was by this means that he effectually closed all avenues to the spirit of the world. He was a scholar, a thinker, a reformer; but best of all, he was a disciplinarian after the Christ pattern. He manifested by his life what he preached, that all true reform had its root and growth in increased self-denial and strict adherence to fundamental Christianity, and he often reminded us that noth-

ing was so near like the genuine (and therefore misleading) as its exact counterfeit.

It was our privilege to care for Elder Henry through months of sickness and pain, and during that time we learned many lessons of self-control and self-forgetfulness by his thoughtful care for others, lessons which will live in our memory and by which we hope to be profited while life lasts. Nor did his Christian demeanor change as physical strength failed. To his last conscious utterances he was refined in manner, humble in spirit, abounding in charity.

His, indeed, was a beautiful sunset, long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. Having lived under the ministration of many such lives, shared their wise counsels and, above all, observed the daily life of consecration in the maintenance of Christian loyalty, we can best emulate their example by heeding the spirit urging us to follow in their footsteps.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

PREMONITION.

E. Cochran.

One beautiful Sabbath morning not long since, I sat by the open window listening to the sweet strains of music borne on the summer breezes as they floated in from the chapel not far distant, where the Brethren

and Sisters had assembled for divine worship. As I listened, my thought reverted to the years of youth, when I enjoyed many beautiful seasons of praise and prayer with friends long since departed. The words of truth which had fallen so pointedly, yet beautifully, from the lips of Eldress Dorothy, Eldress Joanna, Sister Mary Witcher and others, seemed to fill my soul and I lived again the convictions which those words had so often inspired. They were uttered with power and a certainty which met my growing aspirations, and I accepted them as the Bread of Life for my soul.

As thus I reflected, I became oblivious to all earthly surroundings and found myself alone on the bank of a small but beautiful stream. Upon the opposite bank, most lovely in its green slope to the water's edge, stood an innumerable company of saints, some of whom I readily recognized. They were singing and, oh! such music, I never heard before or since. I looked up and saw Eldress Joanna, Eldress Dorothy and Elder Abraham in their accustomed places—leaders of their people. Naturally, I queried in my mind, "And where is Elder Henry?" I waited for some time, enjoying the inspiration which the hymns of praise brought to my soul. when I saw the ranks part near the center and Elder Henry, with grace and dignity, quietly took his place by Elder Abraham, once

more united with his associates in official trust and burden. The singing was so joyful that I began to realize that this heavenly host had particularly assembled to welcome Elder Henry, as he passed the River of Life, and that they were rejoicing in his happy transition into the higher realm.

Returning to consciousness, I longed to retain a little of that heavenly music as a comfort in my daily toil. In vain did I attempt to recall the words I had heard the angels sing, though the memory of the occasion brought much soul-refreshing and sweetened the hours of labor.

At length, several days after the occurrence, these words flashed across my mind like a streak of bright light, accompanying a simple tune which I was almost unconsciously humming to myself:

There's a peace that surpasseth understanding
And joys that the pure in heart do know,
Who have followed Christ, our Saviour,
Over mountain and through valleys low.
O, lead us still on, blessed Saviour,
Till the world we have fully overcome,
Till we meet with thee in glory,
And hear the joyful words, "Well done!"

I thus received my little measure full of blessing and have treasured it sacredly ever since.

The whole experience seemed very real to me, and

as summer advanced into autumn, and autumn merged into the long cold winter, I watched Elder Henry's waning strength and feeble steps, confident that his work with us was done and that angel friends were gently but surely drawing him away from earth, and that he would take his rightful place with them in the heavenly city.

His was the reward of a life well spent and I have the assurance that he was lovingly received, yea, joyfully welcomed, by his former companions in trust.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

THE REMEMBERED PROMISE.

E. B. King.

Gracefully, beautifully, the lamp of life burned low, and as we watched the fast fading rays of that bright beacon light of our Church, the Easter angels advanced the message, "Not here, but risen." The lamp is gone out, for the soul is in that city where "the Lamb is the Light thereof."

The hoary head, the Christly presence, the noble life have so gradually and peacefully been withdrawn from our midst, that it seems as though he had but passed from one mansion into another of our Father's house. We mourn not as those without hope, for whither he goes we yet may come; a holy life the passport to

admit us there. Sacred memories will ever cluster about the name so revered among even the least who knew him.

The writer enjoyed many happy hours with him in childhood, and through youthful days was conscious of a father's interest and prayerful solicitation over the faith in Christ, which God was unmistakably engraving on a wayward heart. Could it be that he knew the hour of need, when the soul felt called to forsake all for Christ's sake and the gospel? Fully persuaded that the only right way for me was to enter the narrow path which led to life, I yet feared to take a bold stand for Christ.

Severe and varied temptations were presented, wealth, human affections, flattering prospects and even methods of treachery resorted to, if I would take the broad path, but I dare not lose my soul. My heart was sorrowful and I sought to forget my troubles in loving devotion to the little girls who were under my care, when I was met one morning by Elder Henry with the query, "Well, Emma, faithful to the end?" Something in manner and in tone of voice put new courage into my heart, and I caught a little of the inspiration which those who stood near Jesus must have realized, when he said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Confidently came the reply, "Yea, Elder Henry, faithful to the end; I never will

disappoint you.” The promise has been a talisman thus far through life, and has proved such a blessing that I feel I owe to him this simple token of regard.

Now, good Elder Henry, we, the young Christians who have witnessed your noble career, like you, will fight the good fight, will finish our course. We will keep the faith. Yea, we will be faithful to the end. We never will disappoint you.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY FROM FRIENDS.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Shaker Friends:

I beg to hand you a few words in appreciation of the late Elder Henry C. Blinn, whose friendship I greatly value.

I knew Elder Henry for many years, having been privileged on several occasions to enjoy his generous and open-hearted hospitality at the Shaker community in Canterbury.

He was an honest, sincere and charming man, whose personal traits of character made a deep impress on the minds of all who came in contact with him. Genial and warm-hearted always, he had, nevertheless, a dignity of manner that marked him as a true gentleman, and made him literally a prince among men. His life was unselfishly devoted to the good of his fellow-men, and in his death his associates and the community in which he lived lost a true and valued friend and citizen, whose place it will be hard to fill. Such lives not only shed sunshine and cheer while they re-

main with us, but their influence remains through all time, an encouragement and inspiration to others to emulate their example.

With high regards and good wishes, I remain,

Your friend as always,

J. H. GALLINGER.

NAVAL OFFICE,
CUSTOM HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

TO THE SHAKER FAMILY,
Canterbury, N. H.

There may be none left of your community who remember me as a boy in Canterbury, attending, when at home, the Sunday services of the Shakers.

My residence in town was from 1866 to 1879. Much of this time I was away at school and reading law at Concord. Your village separated my part of the town from the Baptist district, where a former school-mate and friend resided. We frequently met at the Shakers on Sunday for youthful conferences and confidences, and were drawn to the Shaker meetings by our admiration for Elder Henry Blinn. Our acquaintance with him soon ripened into friendship. He numbered among these none more attentive than we were, and perhaps none of the outside world who bore

for him a stronger affection. This is my excuse for writing you of your late leader and guide.

You do not realize what an influence Elder Blinn's life exerted in the world beyond your community. By precept and example he taught the way of righteous living, and none came in touch with him who was not inspired to better thoughts and deeds by his benign presence. His kindly manner, his gentle speech, his generous thoughtfulness of others were constant contributions to the well-being of his fellow-men.

Curiosity brought many from outside to your public service in those days, but few who listened to Elder Henry went away without carrying with them a brighter picture of life.

The short sermon of Elder Henry and the earnest testimony of Eldress Dorothy are the sweetest recollections of a Sunday visit to the Shakers. Their simplicity and eloquence touched all hearts.

It was my privilege to listen to Elder Henry both in my youth and in my maturer years, and the charm of his speech and the sincerity of his convictions impressed me at all times the same. Life brought to the rest of us changes, but yesterday, today and tomorrow he was the same tranquil spirit, throwing out the sweetness of his nature upon all, uplifting all by the grandeur of his character. Men were drawn to

him by an inexpressible something which commands the deference we pay to those nobler than ourselves. He lived the simple life, but it was grand in its completeness. None could listen to him at the Shaker meetings of long ago and not feel that he was a born leader and teacher of men.

His work is done, but he survives in the hearts of all those who were brought in contact with his activities.

With sympathy for your loss, I am

Sincerely yours,

JAMES O. LYFORD.

AVON, CONN.

My Dear Friend:

So Elder Henry has gone to his long home and to the great family of God's children whom he has gathered to himself. Surely, Elder Henry's reward must be that of the faithful servant, abounding with joy. I saw him but for a few minutes once, at the door of the office, and that morning you took me to his shop, but even that was long enough for me to see the kindness of those eyes and the gentleness of his spirit. When you told him that I was studying for the ministry, do you remember the twinkle in his eyes with which he gave a playful turn to his reply, "I have

known a great many ministers''? I have often thought of that look so full of fun, so illumined by the light of experience, as I have looked at his picture, which stood on the mantel in my room at Yale. His was a fine face and told of sympathy and warmth of heart, of keenness of mind and breadth of experience. If this seems a good deal to read in a face during a brief conversation or to find in a photograph, you must remember that I have read everything from Elder Henry's pen that I could find in print and that after several months of study and correspondence with other Elders, I came to the conclusion that his statement of the Shaker faith was the broadest, the most fundamental and the most progressive of the Shaker publications.

So, I feel that I have known Elder Henry much better than might seem to be the case to others who have had longer interviews with him.

I wish to express to all the friends at Canterbury my sympathy with you in your loss, for though we may rejoice that he has gone to his Master, yet there is ever a sadness that comes to those remaining, and a vacant place once filled by loved ones.

But though the "weeping may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning."

Let us then rejoice, for the Lord is good; His mercy endureth forever; let us rejoice because of the life and

consecration of him whom we mourn, and whose death is one more tie that binds us all to our heavenly home.

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.” These are the words of greatest comfort to us at such times, and when we add to them: “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest,” we have a psalm of life to strengthen our faith, to comfort us in sorrow, and upon which to build our hope, till the doors of the many mansions above shall open before us and we are in the presence of our God and Father.

One could not doubt, after seeing Elder Henry, that it was from the conviction of the inly-written experience of his life that he wrote: “The foundation of the Shaker society is the spirit of peace,” nor that he had earnestly sought as the goal of his life that “purity of heart” of which he wrote.

It should be a cause of rejoicing to us that he has now passed on, to receive from the hands of the Prince of Peace that “peace of God which passeth all understanding,” and that he is now with his heavenly Father whom only the “pure in heart” can see.

With my very best respects and sympathy, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

REV. ERNEST F. MCGREGOR.

Kind Friends:

It is a pleasure to express, however briefly, my appreciation of Elder Henry C. Blinn. He stands out in my boyhood recollection a most interesting and noble figure. His position in the Shaker Church gave him a certain official distinction, which was fully sustained by the worth of his personal character. He was the recognized exponent of his faith throughout New England, and I know not how far beyond.

We who dwelt near and yet outside the Shaker community, all recognized the sincerity of his religious beliefs and the integrity of his moral life. His was a soul which knew the invigorating grasp of strong conviction; his, however, was a tolerant and kindly attitude toward those who might differ from him.

His mind was alert and progressive. He was a student. He lived near to nature and to nature's God, and so he maintained a charming simplicity and freshness of spirit.

Dignified in manner and cordial in spirit, interested in people, with no trace of mere curiosity, eager to share with others what he held as the priceless content of his faith, but never obtrusive, Elder Henry was the model of a Christian gentleman. No man could be more loyal to his friends than he, as I myself can bear grateful witness.

Having known him somewhat intimately all my life, I am sure he lived contentedly and, in its highest sense, happily. The Shaker Church was his household and he exercised in it the office of a true spiritual fatherhood.

I can only think of his life as a pure, deep river, flowing in the sunlight of Heaven unto God, its source.

REV. CARTER E. CATE.

June 19, 1905.

TO OUR SHAKER FRIENDS.

Shaker Village,

East Canterbury, N. H.

The general esteem with which the late honored Elder Blinn was held by all who had any acquaintance with his rare personality needs no attestation from us. As a man, as a friend, and as an example of what an individual may become who arrives at a high standard of life, Elder Blinn was a conspicuous figure among the notable men of our state. It was always a particular pleasure to us to do business of any sort with him. As he was a frequent caller at The First National Bank, we became, as was expected, very good friends. His affability, his oft-dropped words of wit and wisdom, his genial smile and vitality of spirit were most welcome in our place of business, for such intercourse is not common.

It gives us much pleasure to ascribe these meagre words of praise and appreciation to our departed and honored friend.

Very sincerely,

W. F. THAYER,
CHAS. G. REMICK.

NORTHFIELD, N. H.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

Please accept the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Winslow and myself, in this your time of sorrow.

We were very much saddened on hearing of Elder Henry's death, and all the good people of this town who knew dear Elder Blinn will surely share in your sorrow, for it can truly be said, the loss is great, and a good man has gone.

Sincerely yours,

A. BENJAMIN WINSLOW.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

My Dear Friend:

It was with sadness that I read your letter bearing to me the news of Elder Blinn's death. Only a few days before, upon the receipt of a letter from my brother, in which he spoke most pleasantly of Elder Blinn, I determined to visit Canterbury this summer

and once more meet the splendid man whom you all so fondly loved and respected.

I very much regret now that summer after summer has passed and my long-wished-for visit to your home has been postponed, until now it is too late and I shall never see your dear one again in this life. Please remember me in deep sympathy to all the family; I still hold the desire to visit you and shall try to do so.

Who will wear his mantle? Do you know, I have sometimes thought it would fall upon your shoulders? I sincerely hope a good man will be chosen.

With kindest regards to all,

Cordially yours,

C. F. T. EASTERBROOKS.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

Our Dear Shaker Friends:

Father wishes me to express to you our deep and heartfelt sympathy in your sadness at the passing away of one who has ever been beloved and honored, not merely by your own community, but by all his fellow townspeople as well. To us Elder Henry has always seemed a near and dear friend, and it is a sad thought that his almost saintly face will never again kindly welcome us, as it was ever wont to do.

We would wish to pay our last respects by attend-

ing his funeral, if this would be admissible. However, you will know that your sorrow is ours, and that our love is with you.

With sincere regards from all our family, in whose behalf I write, I am

Lovingly, your friend,

FRANCES L. MORRILL.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Shaker Friends:

We received word of the death of Elder Henry Blinn and most sincerely sympathize in your loss. His was indeed a noble life, full of example and blessing to others; such a character never dies, but lives ever to be an inspiration and support to those who were blessed by his influence. Thank you for writing us. With love to all our dear Shaker friends,

Faithfully yours,

LILLIE WESTERVELT.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

My Dear Shaker Friends:

The sad news has come to us of Elder Henry's death. We extend to you our deepest sympathy, for we remember him so well; his kind ways and gentle voice so like my father's.

I am sure it was a comfort to you all to be able to minister to him in his lingering illness.

One by one our dear ones among the Shakers go from us.

With love and sympathy from mother, Nellie and myself,

I am ever your friend,

HATTIE A. WILLIAMS.

CANTERBURY CENTER, N. H.

Dear Friends:

Your letter announcing the death of your beloved Elder Henry was received yesterday. I do not need to assure you of my sincere sympathy in your great loss and sorrow. Though it has been many years since I have seen Elder Blinn, there comes to me a sense of loss,—almost personal,—perhaps, this is largely because the world always seems poorer when a good man dies—perhaps, in part because I have such warm friends in your community, I can but share their sorrow with them.

Elder Henry has lived long and well, this should comfort you, and yet the very fact that our friends are good and true and noble makes our loss the greater when they pass away.

Your community has been greatly blessed and is still blessed, in having many strong and estimable men

and women among its members. Their worthy lives and example will ever be an inspiration.

My brother, Albert, joins me in kind feelings of sympathy. Your letter expresses in a very beautiful manner your estimate of the character of your friend, Brother and spiritual guide, and your affection for him; and indicates the large place Elder Blinn held in the affections of the community. That you may all, in this time of trial, find comfort from the highest and truest source is the earnest desire of

Your sincere friend,

MARY E. CLOUGH.

CONCORD, N. H.

Dear Friends:

Please accept my sincere sympathy for your great loss in the death of your dear Elder Blinn, a good man gone, leaving pleasant memories, a comfort to you all evermore.

With kind regards,

A. S. WHITE.

BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Friends:

Receiving as I did your favor, informing me of the death of our esteemed friend and neighbor, Elder

Blinn, on the eve of my departure from home, I could not find time or words with which to express my deep regret and most sincere sympathy. The passing out of a good man is a loss, indeed, to us all.

We can only be thankful that he has such worthy successors.

Ever faithfully yours,

A. P. SHAW.

CONCORD, N. H.

Dear Friends:

Most gladly do I place on record my personal estimate of Elder Henry Blinn.

I have known him for some twelve years, meeting him soon after I became a resident of New Hampshire.

I frequently visited him among his own people, always finding him the type of courtesy and dignity.

He was a familiar figure on the streets of Concord; his erect form and pleasant face, his whole carriage, evidencing the genuine Christian gentleman.

To talk with him was to be impressed with his richness of soul, which fashioned his countenance,—was to receive an inspiration from a most worthy man. We remember him only for good.

REV. JOHN VANNEVAR,
Pastor Universalist Church.

MURRAY HILL HOTEL, New York.

Our Dear Shaker Friends:

While the inevitable has come and our dear Elder Henry Blinn has passed away to his well-earned reward, we could not repress a shock when your letter reached us, announcing the fact.

His life and character was a most interesting and charming one. He was in my thoughts very often and I should have loved to have seen and conversed with him once more. I could not single out our dear friend, but I feel very close to the ones on the other side.

Faithfully your friend,

B. H. YARD.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Shaker Friends:

I notice by this morning's paper that my old friend and brother, Elder Henry, has crossed the stream.

While this inevitable course of nature casts a momentary shade of sorrow over hearts that feel the ties of earth, it is a beautiful and true thought that there is no place in the universe that is not a center of activity, and that he has simply transferred his life to a higher plane. And then, God be praised, the veil that hangs between these two worlds has become very thin, and the suggestion for those who can see and believe

is only a vague imagination. For there is a sense that the vulgar know not, and the voices of the departed breathe softly and frequently to those who can unite the Memory with Faith.

The close of this life is no cessation of life to our brother, but the beginning of another epoch of this life on a higher plane. I cannot agree with the pessimistic Psalmist who moans out the sentence, "The place thereof that knew him shall know him no more." I am certain that you will sensibly feel his presence in your midst more than often. I congratulate him on the serene life which fell to his lot here, which has now merged into the higher life, of which we get but glimpses,—I congratulate you that that life was passed among you.

May the Divine Peace that beautified his life rest ever with you all!

With kindest hopes for the happiness and prosperity of the family in Canterbury, who are very dear to me, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES R. PHELPS.

PATERSON, N. J.

Beloved Sisters:

Your kind letter came to me the other day, and in it you invite me to send a few lines in memory of

Elder Henry. I have but few words to say. Elder Henry was always good to me. Divine love and wisdom is ours to worship. That we ought to love the Shakers is right, for I have always felt them to be men and women seeking to walk the narrow way. We must eventually all pass the straight gate, retaining nothing that would be an offense to the kingdom and queen-dom of Heaven.

Elder Henry, as a genuine Shaker, has closed his work. May we ever have the grace to love and worship the true Christ spirit.

Your brother,

HAMILTON ARNOT.

CONCORD, N. H.

Dear Friends:

An acquaintance with Elder Henry, dating back many years, has left an impression of a noble character.

How well one recalls the classic face and the gentle, yet firm, bearing!

I never met a man who seemed more sincere and true, and with it all, the memory of his rare smile and hearty hand-clasp will be ever present until we meet again.

Sincerely yours,

W. G. C. KIMBALL.

CONCORD, N. H.

My Shaker Friends:

You have met with a great loss in the death of Elder Henry Blinn. Every member of the Shaker communities in New Hampshire has lost a beloved, personal friend, and I, a dear, long-time friend and acquaintance, one who had often, in past years, looked in upon me at my store, his face beaming with happiness and ready with a kind word which cheered me the entire day. We shall see his pleasant face and hear his kindly greeting no more, but we shall long remember him as a man of sterling worth, a man of pure integrity, wise and cautious in his dealings with men, beloved and honored by all.

With kindest regards,

EDSON C. EASTMAN.

CONCORD, N. H.

Dear Shaker Friends:

It was so kind and friendly of you, writing to us those particulars about the death of Elder Henry Blinn, and the months just preceding his death. We did not arrive home from our trip to Southern California until the early part of April, and to hear that Elder Henry had passed on to his next home was a sad piece of news.

To be sure, we had missed his person on our streets

for many months, but that was not like giving him up altogether. It was such a pleasure to visit with him and one always could bring away, after an interview with him, helpful and pleasant memories. His Christ-like character, daily before you, must have helped you to better living.

I like to recall those happy days when Eldress Dorothy, Eldress Joanna and Elder Henry were your worthy leaders. I do not forget dear Sisters Mary Witcher, Sarah Woods and others, whose names escape me. Everything was so prosperous and happy. I used to visit you often in the long ago.

You younger classes have shining examples to pattern after; and so far as I know you, you do credit to your earlier training.

With best hopes for you, who have great responsibilities resting upon you, and with loving interest in the well-being of your large family, believe me,

Your very sincere friend,

FRANCES A. BLANCHARD.

CONCORD, N. H., June 1, 1905.

Dear Shaker Friends:

An acquaintanceship with the late Elder Blinn endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, but none admired his uprightness of character and hon-

esty of purpose in life more than the undersigned. He was the soul of honor, and years of business relations with him as printers simply added to our love and respect for him as a friend and fellow-citizen. In all the walks of life he was an inspiration to all around him, and we join in sympathy with those who mourn the loss of a dearly-beloved friend.

Yours sincerely,

RUMFORD PRINTING CO.

PRESS NOTICES.

CONCORD, N. H., April 2, 1905. Henry Clay Blinn, for many years an elder and minister in the Shaker community at Canterbury, died at 4.20 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 1, his illness covering a period of many years.

“Elder Henry” was widely known and respected. On the 23d of August, 1863, he was drafted into military service but, through the kindness of the authorities, a “furlough until called for” was obtained—a furlough uninterrupted until the summons of death marshaled him into the “Grand Army of the Peacemakers.”—*The Boston Herald*.

CONCORD, N. H., April 2. Elder Henry Clay Blinn, aged 80 years, a Shaker of almost international prom-

inence, and long time elder and minister of the Shaker community at East Canterbury, N. H., died there late yesterday afternoon.

He had been ill for several years, but the fatal turn only came about ten days ago, since when he rapidly declined. The kindly old man had for long years been known as "Elder Henry," a name which was dear to a very wide circle of true friends at his own home and abroad. Many summer visitors from all parts of the country to the peaceful settlement at East Canterbury will remember this kindly spirit and sincerely grieve at his passing away.

From his young manhood, he occupied the highest positions of care and responsibility among his now bereaved people. In the order of Elders he officiated 24 years, and for an equal term presided in the ministry over the two societies in New Hampshire, Enfield and Canterbury. He was appointed one of the trustees with Elder James S. Kaime in 1891, which position he occupied until his death.—*The Boston Globe*.

Henry Clay Blinn, for many years an elder and minister in the Shaker community at Canterbury, died at 4.20 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 1. His illness covered a period of many years. A change in his condition developed on Tuesday last and hence-

forward the decline was very rapid. "Elder Henry," as he was generally called, was widely known and highly respected both at home and abroad. He was born in Providence, R. I., July 16, 1824.

In speaking of the death of Elder Blinn, a member of the Canterbury community, who was closely associated with him, said:

" 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country,' cannot be said of Elder Henry. From the hearts of his people rises the richest paean today, from the lips of those who know him best comes the truest honor. He has reared an imperishable monument by the sincerity of his consecration. Friends, far and near, join in sympathy for the bereavement that has come to them, and unite in honoring the life of the deceased."—*N. H. Patriot* (Concord).

Teacher, writer, administrator—Elder Henry C. Blinn of the Canterbury Shakers had a long and useful life in New Hampshire and has gone, after four-score years of activity, to an undoubted reward. With him passes the embodiment of most of the traditions of old-time Shakerism, though it was due to him in large measure, also, that Shakerism adapted itself to modern life and maintained itself in the face of adverse social conditions. He was a man of fine mind.

clear perceptions and splendid personal appearance, a natural leader who did a great work.—ED. *Concord Evening Monitor*.

VALEDICTORY.

(We take pleasure in presenting the following touching address,—the last words spoken in public by Elder Henry, May, 1904. Perhaps, no closing more appropriate could be added.)

“I have been considering for many weeks the advisability of making the attempt to express my thoughts in public. I feel a little tremulous even now, but that is simply the result of weakness. I cannot tell how long this feeling will last, whether it will pass away or whether it will grow upon me. For the past two years, I have not added my testimony in Service on this account.

“As an old man, it is difficult for me to express what I want to say; but I can look back upon the 20 consecutive years, when the responsibility of guiding the public meetings rested upon me. Now, I feel that I almost take the place of a child again. It is much with me in this respect as it was with St. Peter. When I was young I led others, but now I am old, I put forth my hand and another doth lead me.

“I wish I was able to do more to help sustain the

testimony of Christ; but I can only say to you, who are the active workers of today, as Paul said, 'Weary not in well-doing.' You have my eternal interest, and I want to thank all who have cared for me and shown me so much kindness. We are all on the same road, Brethren and Sisters; God protect us!''





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